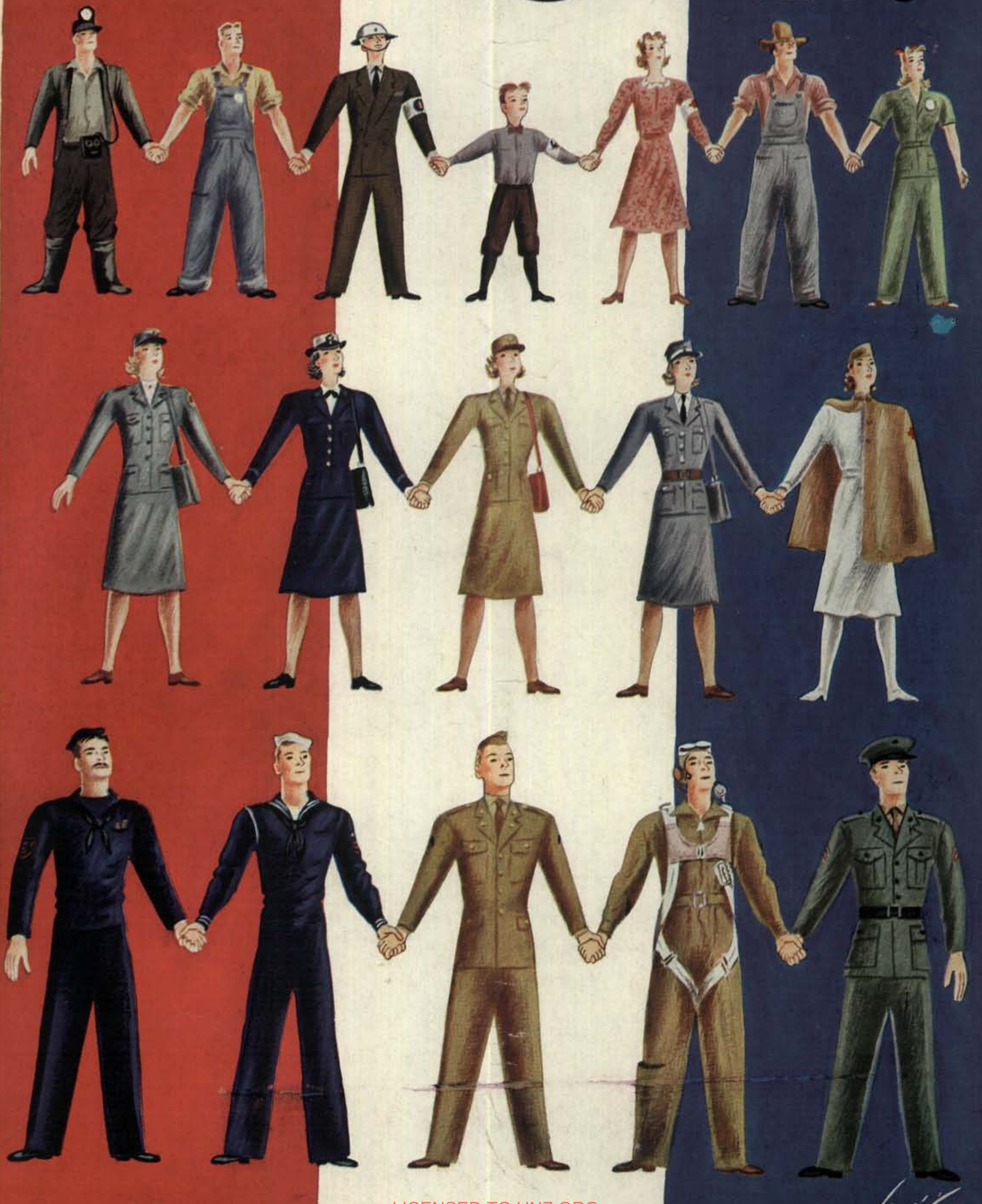
★July 3, 1943

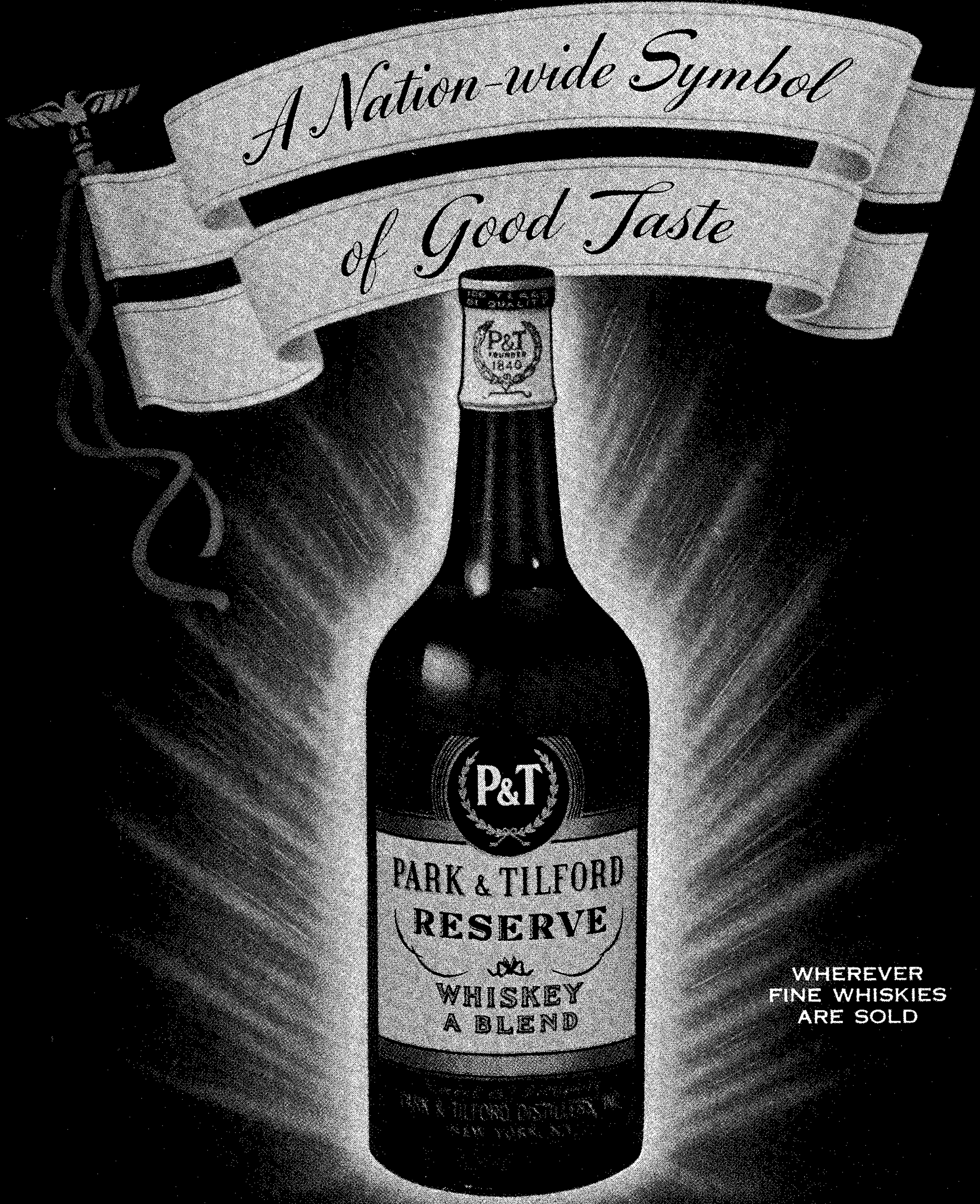
THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



Alajálov

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

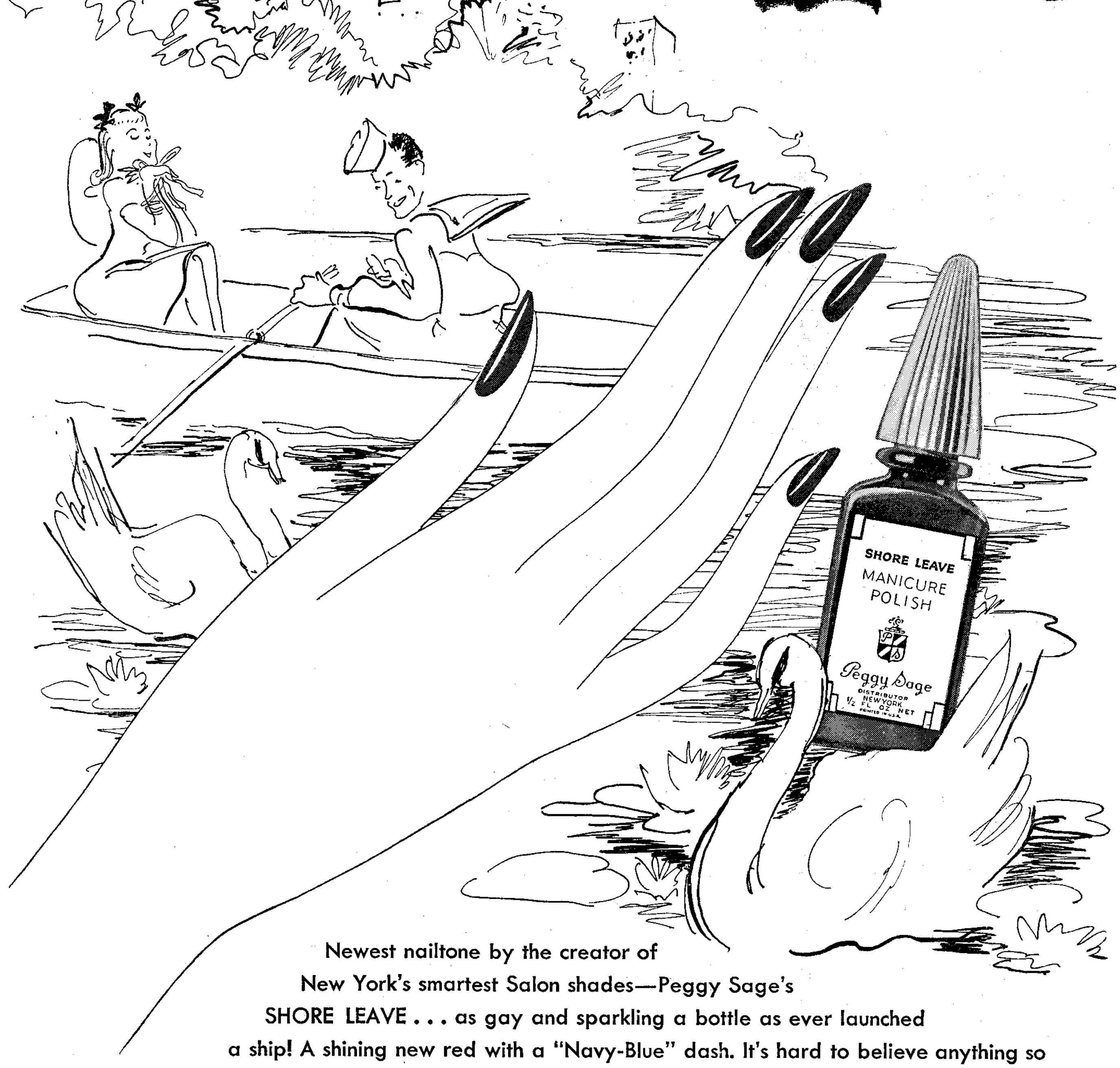

A Nation-wide Symbol
of Good Taste
P&T
FOUNDED
1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

WHEREVER
FINE WHISKIES
ARE SOLD

—because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

Shore Leave


SHORE LEAVE
MANICURE
POLISH
Peggy Sage
DISTRIBUTOR
NEW YORK
1/2 FL. OZ. NET
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

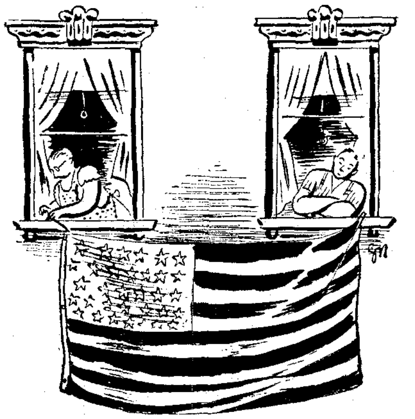
Newest nailtone by the creator of New York's smartest Salon shades—Peggy Sage's SHORE LEAVE . . . as gay and sparkling a bottle as ever launched a ship! A shining new red with a "Navy-Blue" dash. It's hard to believe anything so lovely can wear so long. At Peggy Sage Salon and better shops. Get SHORE LEAVE . . . and stand by for action!

Launched by Peggy Sage

Creator of New York's Smartest Nail Shades

in her 57th Street Salon

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 10.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the regular mid-week-matinée schedule will be somewhat revised because of Independence Day. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—An excellent Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 7, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Not as topical as it once was, but still good enough entertainment. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

DARK EYES—Very funny piece about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. Tamara Geva and Elena Miramova play a large part in all the excitement. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 7, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 7, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

JANIE—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Brock Pemberton has employed, among others, Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

JUNIOR MISS—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon as a demon little girl. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon. and Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 10.)

KISS AND TELL—A typical George Abbott comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 7, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Miriam Hopkins, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne have replaced Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge in Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winner. Not quite as exciting as it was before, but still well worth your while. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 7, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS—The problem of whether or not young women ought to yield to soldiers, discussed at considerable length. Zachary Scott and Virginia Gillmore conduct most of the debate. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 7, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

THREE'S A FAMILY—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

TOMORROW THE WORLD—A sober, though somewhat elementary, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 7, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

EARLY TO BED—Richard Kollmar in a musical comedy concerned dimly with bullfighting and Martinique. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard assist, and there is characteristic music by Fats Waller, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music and Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. With Allen Jenkins and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

SONS O' FUN—An Olsen and Johnson brainstorm, strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Mr. O. and Mr. J. have left the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:30.)

STAR AND GARTER—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 3.)

THE STUDENT PRINCE—A revival of a mysteriously successful operetta of the past decade. Everett Marshall, Ann Pennington, and Sigmund Romberg are all names you ought to remember if you don't. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:30.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and sometimes funny. Milton Berle leads a cast that includes Arthur Treacher and Nadine Gae. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE VAGABOND KING—John Brownlee in a revival of this operetta, with music by Rudolf Friml. Produced by Russell Janney. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

MISCELLANY

SPANGLES—A one-ring circus that is certainly less bewildering than the big ones and probably just as much fun. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15; special performances Mon., July 5, at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

STARS ON ICE—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant warm-weather spot, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

BILTMORE ROOF, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A summer ice revue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—There's Jimmy Savo, as well as the Golden Gate Quartet, dances by Beatrice and Evelyne Kraft, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Palm trees that would surprise the average botanist and a show headed by Willie and Eugene Howard; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite with people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band supply the dance music in this decorative room. There's also a small show.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Fred and Elaine Barry entertain and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—There will be a change in the Persian Room on Fri., July 2, when Hildegarde and Bob Grant's orchestra are replaced by Maurice and Cordoba and Larry Siry's orchestra.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra plays in this gay and summery room.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has music by Leo Reisman's orchestra and, at the supper hour, songs by Morton Downey. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

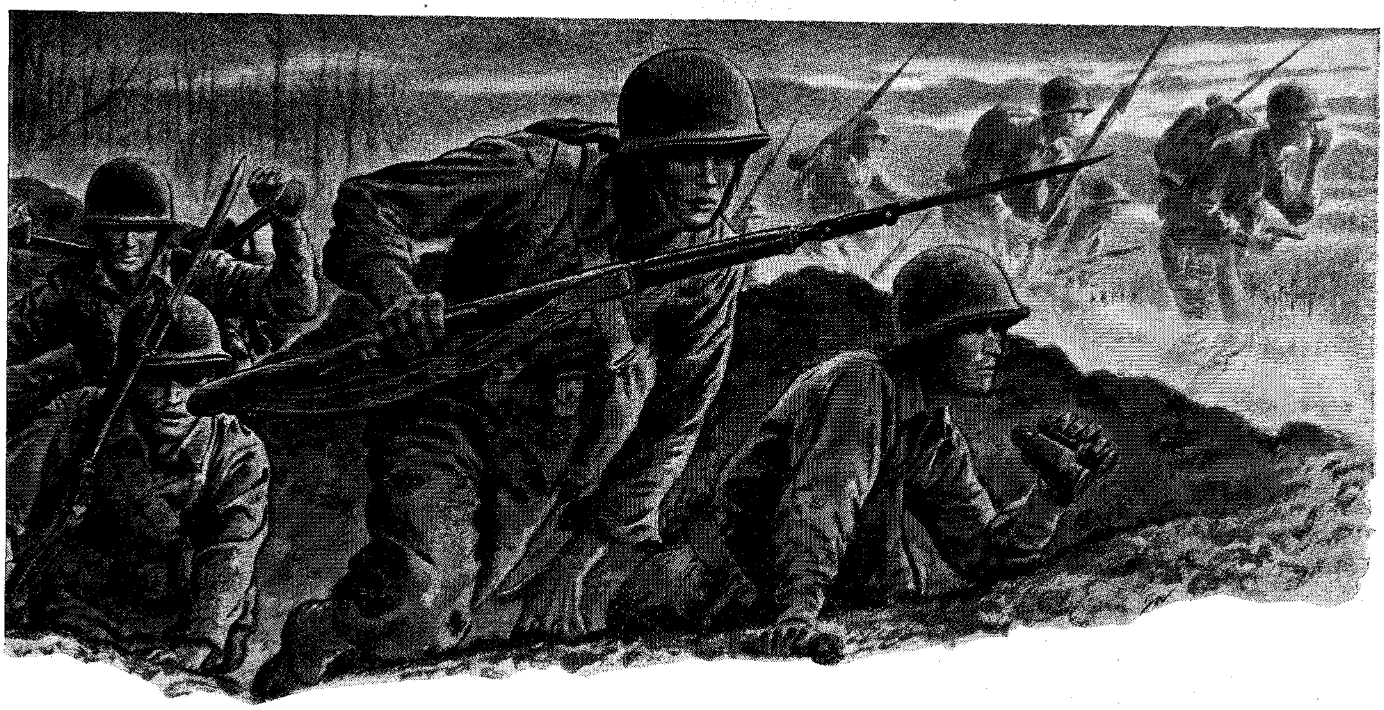
SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with a number of competent performers. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the Revuers and the Leonard Ware Trio are among those who keep things going in this attractive spot. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Celeste Holm heads a small show, and there are always the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	53
THE CURRENT CINEMA	36
LETTER FROM LONDON	49
OF ALL THINGS	35
THE RACE TRACK	46
A REPORTER AT LARGE	38
TABLES FOR TWO	51

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 20, July 3, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

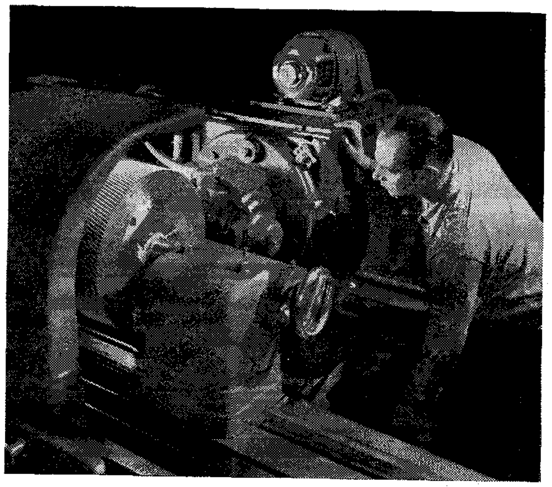


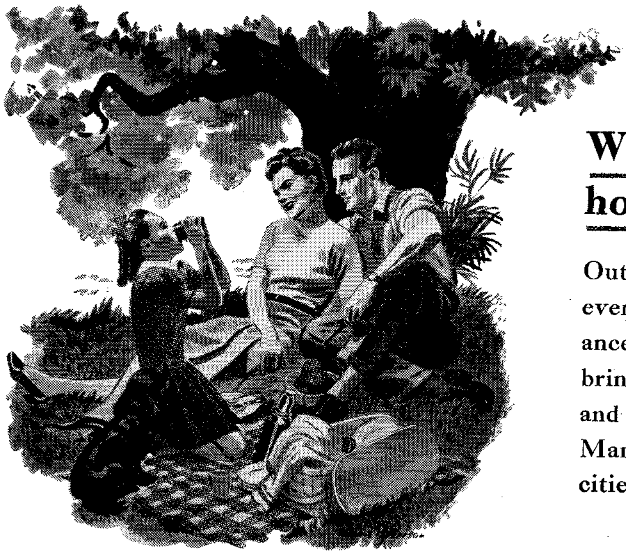
Westinghouse helps in every zero hour . . .

On ships, in planes and tanks, with the troops and gun crews, zero hours bring thousands of Westinghouse war products to their destined, ultimate service—on every front, in every battle.

Westinghouse fights with millions of man-power hours . . .

Westinghouse proficiency in electrical design and manufacture, in ceramics and plastics, in metallurgy . . . Westinghouse ingenuity and inventiveness are finding new and better ways for making weapons of war.





Westinghouse will bring future hours of freedom . . .

Out of the skill and experience gained in wartime, will come even *finer* Westinghouse products. Improved electrical appliances and apparatus — for homes, farms, and industries — will bring a new measure of freedom and enjoyment to the men and women of a world at peace. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Penn. Plants in 25 cities — offices everywhere.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 10.

Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, pleasant room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of the Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—The **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Charles Weidman. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): fairly fancy, with Don Maya's orchestra and a small show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings, white palm trees, and a show headed by Connee Boswell; Roy Fox's orchestra and Nora Morales' rumba band. . . . **CASABLANCA**, 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): you can read the inscriptions on the wall, if you can read Arabic; Russ Smith's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian atmosphere and entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Benny Goodman's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Will Osborne's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's other entertainment, too. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): on Tues., July 6, the present show will be replaced by a new one which will include the Christiani Family and Georgie Price. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE**, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): a big show, with girls galore. . . . **LA CONGA**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Machito's rumba band and some entertainers. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Frankie Newton's orchestra and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Billie Holiday and the Cozy Cole Trio are the attractions here. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): you'll find Hot Lips Page, with his trumpet and his band, at this one. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio.

Al-Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evenings. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Mon., July 5.)

Lovis Corinth—A retrospective show of paintings, drawings, water colors, and lithographs by a German Expressionist who died in 1925: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through July 17.

East and West—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 15.

Modern European and American—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: paintings by eight moderns, including André de Segonzac, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and André Derain. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 17. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose work has been shown at this gallery during the past season. Tues. through Thurs., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 29. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: oils, gouaches, and drawings by modern artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.

French School—Eighteen paintings, never before shown, by Arbit Blatas, Raoul Dufy, Maurice Vlaminck, and others: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 30.

Greco-American—Paintings and sculptures by Jean Xceron, George Constant, Michael Lekakis, and other artists of Greek descent; a benefit for the Greek War Relief Association: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 15.

Groups—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by about fifty contemporary artists, mostly American. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., *2 to 5:30* P.M.; *through Fri., July* 9. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and oils by Thomas Benton, Aaron Bohrod, Georges Schreiber, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 15. . . . **ARTIST ASSOCIATES**, 138 W. 15: paintings by members of a large group which includes Moses Soyer, Chuzo Tamotzu, Helen Ratkai, and Eitaro Ishigaki. Mon. (including July 5), and Thurs., 2 to 10 P.M.; other days, 2 to 6 P.M.; through July 20. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: annual retrospective show of works by members of the gallery. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 23. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: works by Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Sidney Laufman, and others in this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 15. . . . **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: paintings by Eugene Speicher, Alexander Brook, Charles Burchfield, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 30. . . . **BONESTELL**, 18 E. 57: works by eight painters, including Hans Moller, Ben-Zion, and Earl Kerkam. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Fri., July 9.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century. Weekdays (including Mon., July 5), 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Thirty oils by Morris Hirshfield, the self-taught resident of Brooklyn who started painting at the age of sixty-five. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. (also Mon., July 5), 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 1.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays (including Mon., July 5), 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through July 14.

Old and Modern Masters—Paintings by English, European, and American artists from the eighteenth century to the present: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., July 7.

Here and There—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: oils and water colors by Stephen Csoka, Harry Dix, Briggs Dyer, and others. Mon., July 5, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 8:30 to 10:30 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 15. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: Patsy Santo, Joseph De Martini, and others exhibit paintings and water colors. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 9. . . . **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: the Artists League of America showing works by members who are now in defense industries. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 3. . . . **KOHN**, 608 5 Ave., at 49: oils and water colors by Xavier Gonzalez. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 16.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Conductors: Alexander Smallens, Thurs. and Fri., July 1-2, Mon. through Wed., July 5-7, and Fri. and Sat., July 9-10; Morton Gould, Sat. and Sun., July 3-4; Robert Stolz, Thurs., July 8. . . . Highlights: Paul Robeson and the Robert Shaw Collegiate Chorale, July 1; Jesús María Sanromá, Todd Duncan, Etta Moten, and the Eva Jessye Choir, in an all-Gershwin program, July 6; Jan Peerce and Jean Tennyson, July 8; Bronislaw Huberman, July 10. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8:30 P.M. . . . City Amateur Symphony, Judge Leopold Prince conducting: Sat., July 3, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Naumberg Orchestra, Richard Horner Bales conducting; soloist, Roman Totenberg: Sun., July 4, at 8:15 P.M.

OPERA

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 7, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., July 5, at 2:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri., July 2, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sat., July 3 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Sun., July 4 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Mon., July 5 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Wed., July 7, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Fri., July 9, at 2:30 P.M., and Sat., July 10 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs., July 1, at 2:30 P.M., and Fri., July 2, at 5:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Sat., July 3, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 4 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Mon., July 5 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Tues., July 6, at 5:30 P.M., and Wed., July 7, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., July 8, at 5:30 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., July 9-10, at 2:30 P.M.

Racing—Empire City Meeting, at Jamaica, weekdays at 1:45 P.M., through July 24. (Empire City Handicap, Sat., July 3; Demoiselle Stakes and the Questionnaire Handicap, Mon., July 5; Butler Handicap, Sat., July 10.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station daily between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

Yachting—Championship races on the Sound: Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., Sat., July 3, at about 2 P.M.; New Rochelle Y.C., Sun., July 4, and Larchmont Y.C., Mon., July 5, at about 1 P.M.

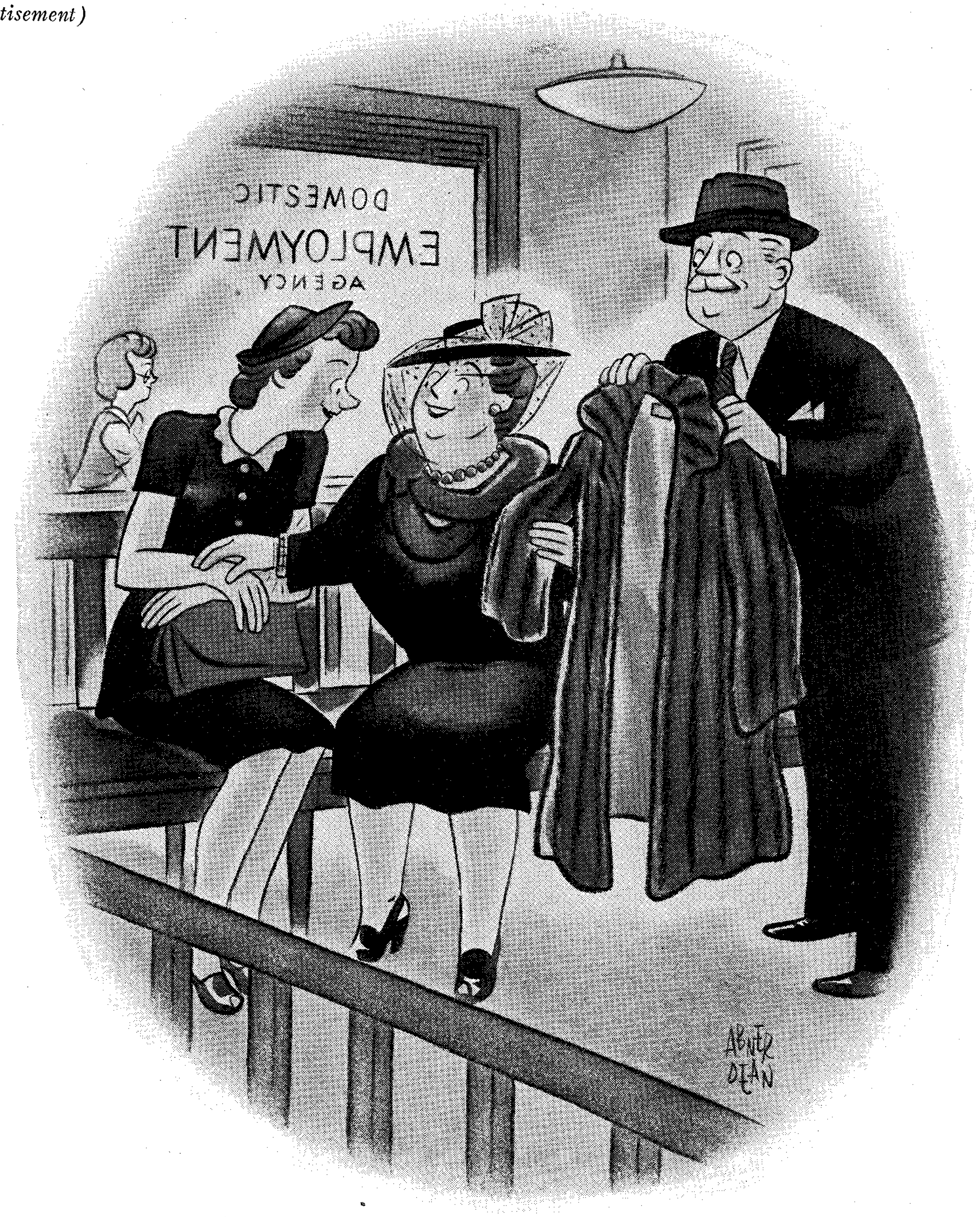
OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays (including Mon., July 5), 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: photographs by Eliot Elisofon of the American invasion of North Africa, from the landing to the fall of Cap Bon. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. (also Mon., July 5), 1 to 7 P.M.; through July 11. . . . **ROCKEFELLER PLAZA**: the second of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, this one showing what America would be like under Axis domination. Daily 9 A.M. to dusk; through Sun., July 4. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an exhibit, sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, of photomurals, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans. Daily (including Mon., July 5), 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **FREEDOM HOUSE**, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Mon. (except July 5), through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Planetarium—"Summer Stars" is the topic of the July lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. (also Mon., July 5), at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

On the Air—"This Is Official," wartime informa-

(Advertisement)


DOMESTIC
EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY
ABNER DEAN

"... and you can wear my Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat on your day off."

There's no guarantee that a fur coat will solve your servant problem, but there's always hope—especially when it's a Hollander fur. The richness, beauty and lasting loveliness of Hollander furs are appreciated by *everybody*.

Hollander

● *world's largest blender of furs*

SIX KIT

LA CROSS' SUMMER NAIL REFRESHMENT

Be color-perfect to your fingertips the clock-around, the summer through! Refreshing as a Cola, Six Kit holds half-a-dozen cherub-size bottles of La Cross long-lasting polish, each in a different mood-matching shade, each precision tested for texture rightness. Wear one shade while you swirl for the USO, another while you twirl a red rivet for Victory. Whatever your job this summer, choose Six Kit as your helping hand to nail refreshment.

This is Six Kit, the gay carry-all, that brings you six different shades of La Cross color-perfect polish.

$1.25 plus tax

For more than 40 years makers of
America's Finest MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 10.

tion from members of government bureaus, Sun. Afts. at 1, WJZ. . . . Elmer Davis, speaking for the Office of War Information, Fri. Eves. at 10:45, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., July 4, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30, WNYC. . . . Racing: Empire City Handicap, Sat., July 3; Butler Handicap, Sat., July 10; at 4:15 P.M., WEAF, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper (from London), Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; William L. Shirer (from London), Sun. at 10:30 P.M., WABC. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—Warner Brothers have gone all out for the Merchant Marine in this one. The cast, which is good, includes Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., July 1.)

AIR FORCE—A story, with no nonsense, about action in the Pacific in December, 1941. A Flying Fortress plays the major rôle and John Garfield a minor one. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., July 5-6.)

CASABLANCA—Intrigue in the North African metropolis when the Germans were still running loose there. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 1.)

DESERT VICTORY—The great British documentary about Montgomery and Rommel. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., July 1. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., July 2. . . . Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., July 3-6.)

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Norwegians vs. Germans on an occasionally titanic scale. With Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and so on. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., July 2. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., July 5. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Thurs., July 2-8. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., July 4-5. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Sat., July 7-10.)

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—This isn't what actually happened to the Afrika Korps, but it's fun to think about. Erich von Stroheim is a natural as Rommel, and there's also Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, and Akim Tamiroff. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., July 5. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., July 7.)

HANGMEN ALSO DIE—Excitement following the assassination of a German official in Czechoslovakia. Kept especially exciting by the direction of Fritz Lang. The cast includes Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., July 1. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., July 6-8.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY—Saroyan looks at life and finds it, as usual, irreproachable. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and an admirable child named Jack Jenkins. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., July 7.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT—A British patrol gets lost in the Libyan Desert, with psychological overtones. Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., July 3-5.)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Thoughtful and exciting film concerning concealed Fascism in America, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Sun., July 2-4.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—An interpretation of ex-Ambassador Davies' book that is often awkward and tiresome but that has excellent moments and an important message, to wit: collective security. Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka, and a good slice of the Group Theatre are in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—An improvement by Nunnally Johnson over the play by John Steinbeck. The cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., July 4. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., July 2-5. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Mon. through Wed., July 5-7.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT—Lynching is faithfully represented as the nasty business it is. Henry Fonda heads the cast. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., July 7.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—Walt Disney's colorful report on South America, with a cast that includes Donald Duck, Goofy, and José Carioca, the parrot. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., July 3-6.)

THIS LAND IS MINE—About the soundest of the What's Going On in the Occupied Countries group, with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, George Sanders, and Kent Smith. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., July 7.)

THE YOUNG MR. PITT—England under Pitt the Younger, with some splendid rhetoric by Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., July 7-9.)

REVIVALS

BEAU GESTE (1939)—The Foreign Legion and Gary Cooper in the desert. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., July 4-5.)

CONFESSIONS OF A CHEAT (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp in the French picture "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," now with English narrative. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Thurs., July 8.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in the René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

GO WEST (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 6-8.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (1941)—The Welsh miners and their lives and troubles. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, and Roddy McDowall. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., July 7-9.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 1.)

THE MAYOR'S DILEMMA (1940)—France during the last war. In French. With Charpin and Annie Vernay. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., July 3-6.)

REAP THE WILD WIND (1942)—A Cecil B. De Mille treatise, in Technicolor, about the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. through Fri., July 6-9.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scottish village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 2-5.)

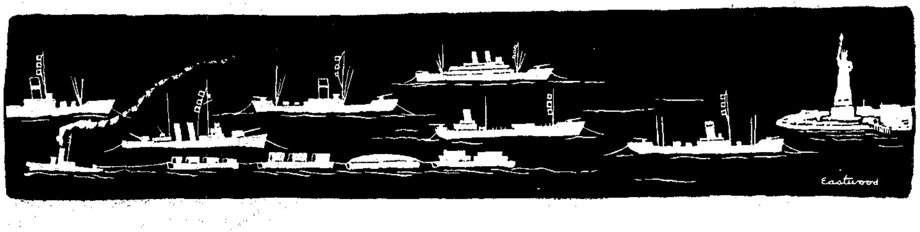
THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., July 2.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer mixed up with labor problems and hurricanes. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., July 2.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. and holidays at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THROUGH SAT., JULY 3:** "Diary of a Nazi" (1943), Russian film. **SUN. THROUGH SAT., JULY 4-10:** four educational films on various subjects.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Although thousands of volunteer workers signed up with the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office during its recent recruiting campaign, there is still an urgent need for many more men and women to fill emergency jobs. Residents who want to help out should get in touch with the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301),



The OBOE was the despair of a radio engineer's life because he couldn't capture its tone and timbre...but have you ever heard it on a Scott?

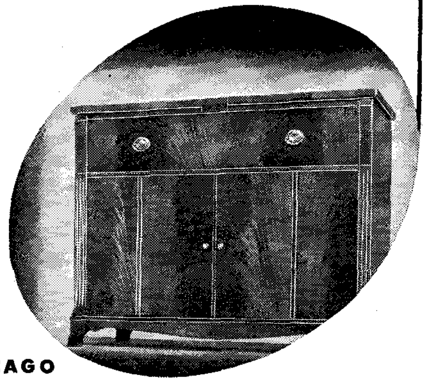
SCOTT
FINE RADIO RECEIVERS

Perhaps it's unkind to whet your appetite for a Scott Radio now when there are none to be had, but a Scott owner near you would love to have you listen with him (if you can get him to stop talking about the instrument long enough to let you hear it).

The Oboe is a strange, shy instrument in the orchestra, lending a distinctive "flavor" to fine music with its peculiar moody note. Because its range is so elusive, few radios have been deft enough to capture it truly, to the annoyance and despair of radio technicians. But if you are a Scott owner now . . . or later when you will be one . . . you can hear the Oboe in its matchless voice, with all the fleeting grace notes and overtones of a "living performance."

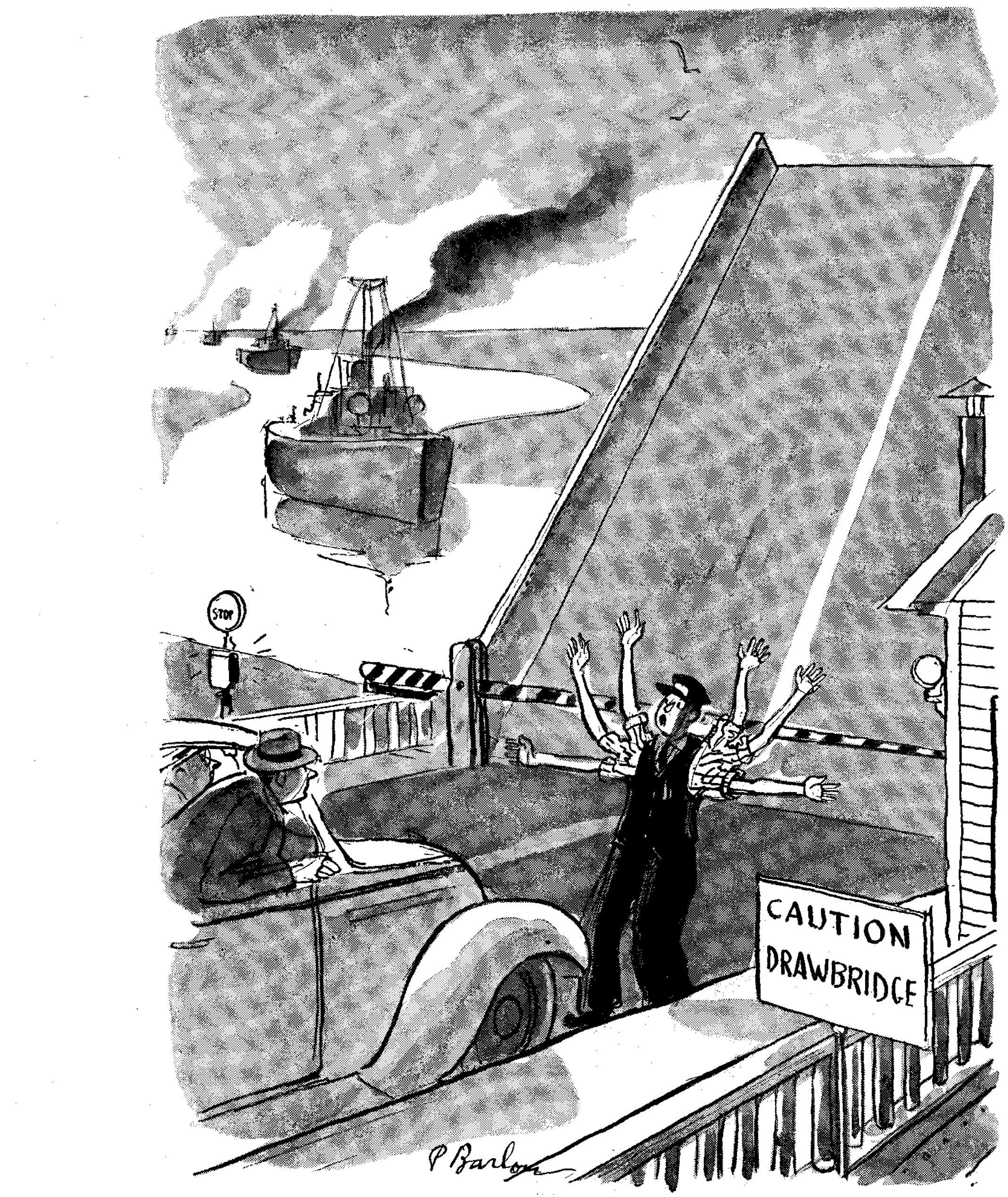
Today there is sterner work for a Scott than bringing the wonder and glory of music into your home. On all the oceans, wherever our tankers move, or convoys sail, Scotts are providing our seamen with favorite programs from home, or vital messages of war. And the Scott is engineered so that no telltale "leak-back" can reach a lurking submarine. The millions of men who have heard the Scott under these conditions will want one after-the-war because it "gets everything." You will yearn for a Scott, too, if ever you hear one.

A good way to get one is to buy bonds, bonds, bonds . . . then a Scott can be yours soon after the whistles blow.



E. H. SCOTT

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC., CHICAGO



"They're pushing those ships through so fast something had *to happen."*

ALL *our* hands are busy, too, putting the Sloane craftsmanship once lavished on your favorite furniture into ship furnishings, joiner work, glider wings. But still we have ample civilian stocks in our store...still we can sell you plenty of things that are nice to come home to. Somehow, to us, keeping face in our homes is very much a part of keeping faith.

W & J SLOANE

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

WASHINGTON, D. C. • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS • WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can also help people sign up with the Red Cross. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics. etc.; (4) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (5) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then serve at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions; (6) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then act as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing, salvage, and other wartime matters.

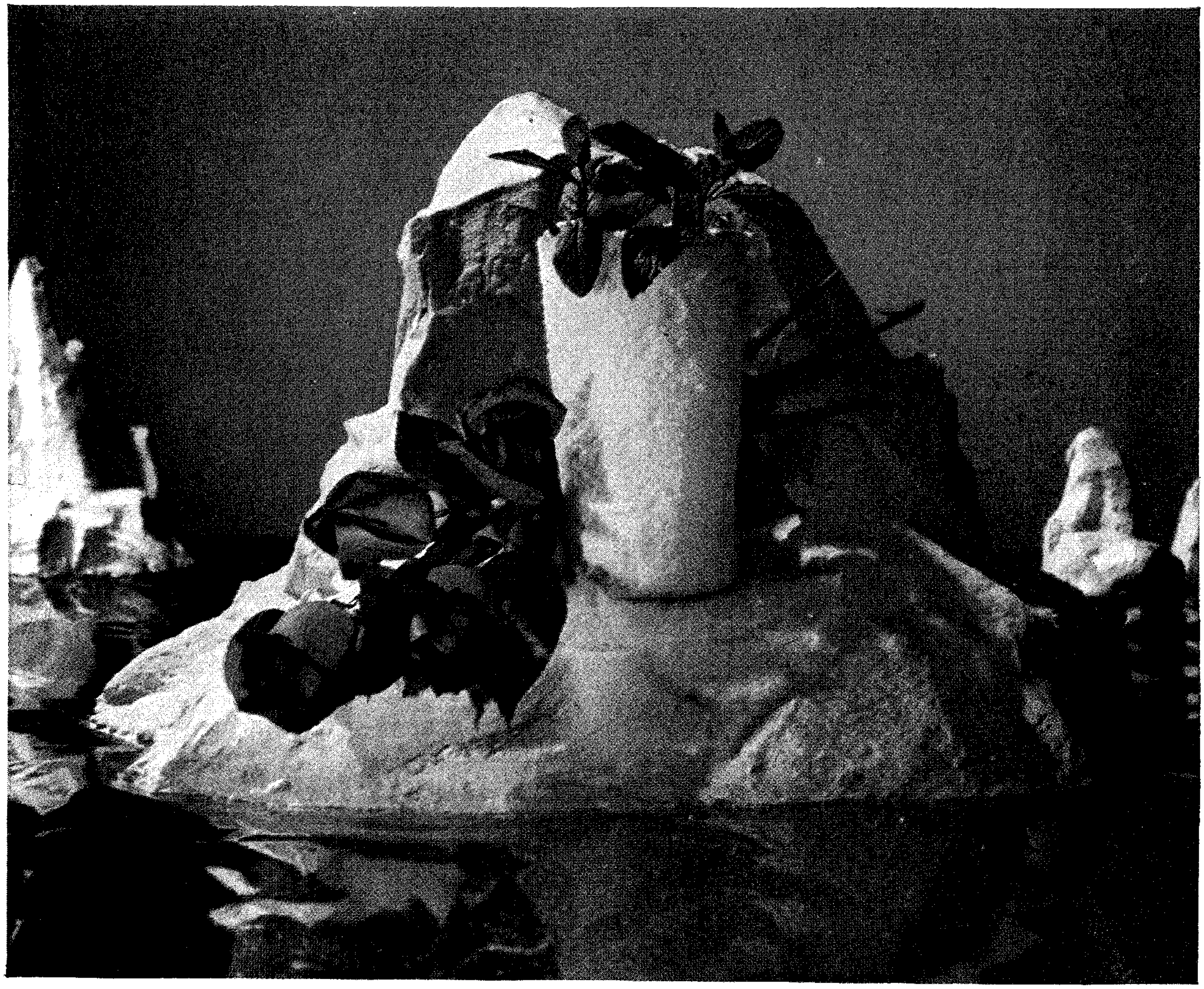
People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs in war agencies.

SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives, has grown very acute, and officials believe that many people are being lax about saving it. Pour the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre. . . . Rubber is not wanted for salvage at the moment, but rags and tin cans and other scrap metal are as urgently needed as ever. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . The government urges that you continue flattening tin cans after washing them, cutting out both ends, and removing the labels. Your building superintendent will see that they reach the proper authorities.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are wanted for the manufacture of gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection bins in their hosiery departments.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteer work and salvage collections are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but, if they are unable to help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Navy has an immediate need for a number of German-made Robot cameras, which it wants to buy. The only type acceptable is Model II, with a 30 or 32.5 mm. or 3.75 cm. Zeiss Tessar *f*2.8 lens. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (CH 4-7100, Ext. 190). . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call MU 3-1447. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be remade into jackets for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may wish to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for motion-picture projectors, radios, portable phonographs, records, and furniture. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. Cigarettes, of course, are always welcome.



About the seven-eighths you can't see

EVERYBODY KNOWS that the seven-eighths *you can't see* is the most important part of an iceberg. And that's true of a Mint Julep, too.

For instance, that fragrant green mint and thick silvery frost can make almost *any* Julep tantalizing. But it's the seven-eighths you can't see—the all-important part inside the frosty glass—that's the very heart and soul of a Julep!

In short, it's the whiskey that *makes* a Julep. That is why, for the deep content and cooling solace of the *perfect* Mint Julep, you should *always* use that matchless whiskey, Four Roses.

How to make the important seven-eighths

Simply take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or just stir it, if you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice. Then pour in Four Roses, lavishly, until the glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till the frost forms thick.

Ah!—what a magnificent Mint Julep will reward your efforts!

An Explanation to our Friends

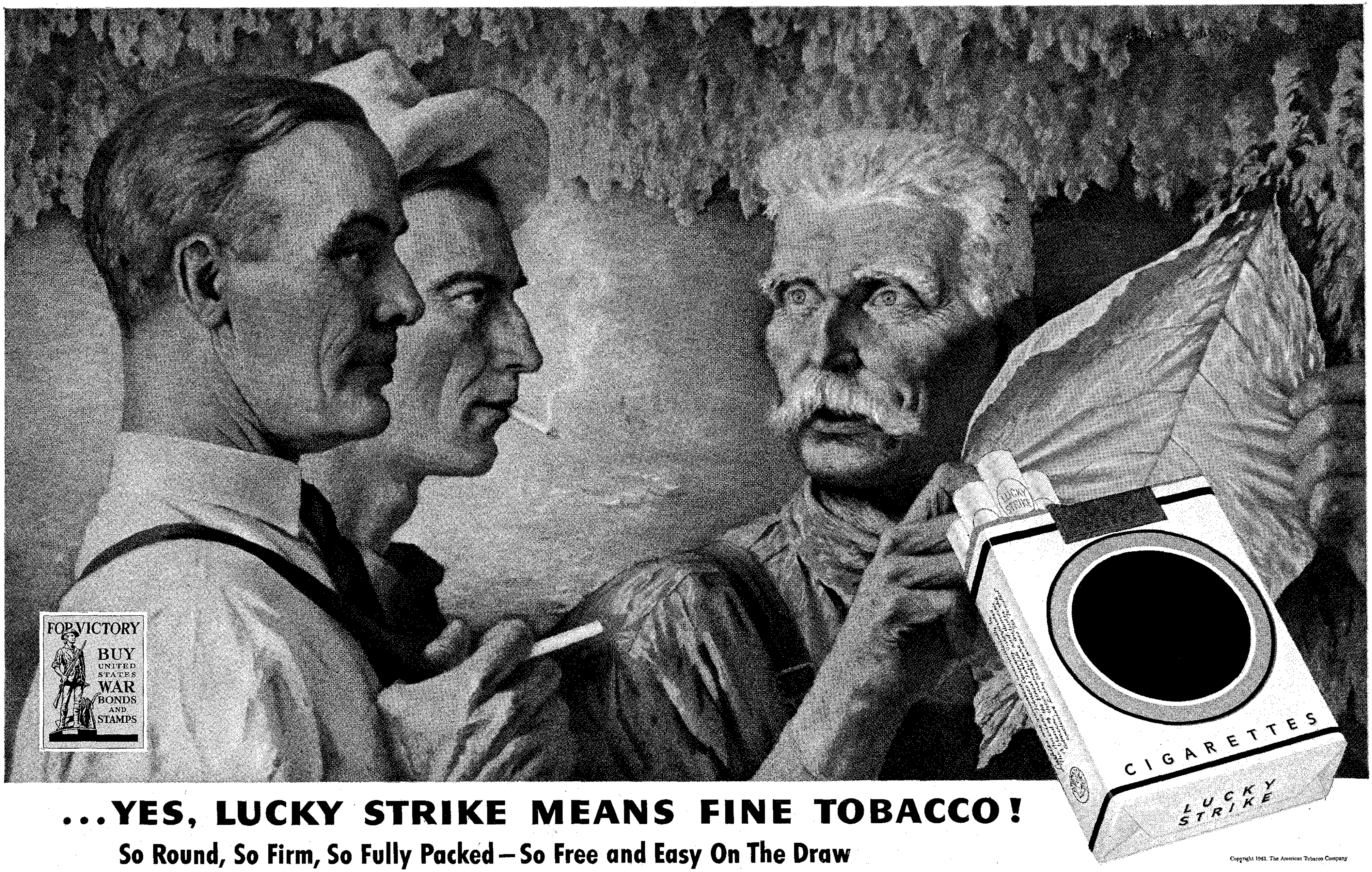
If your bar or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

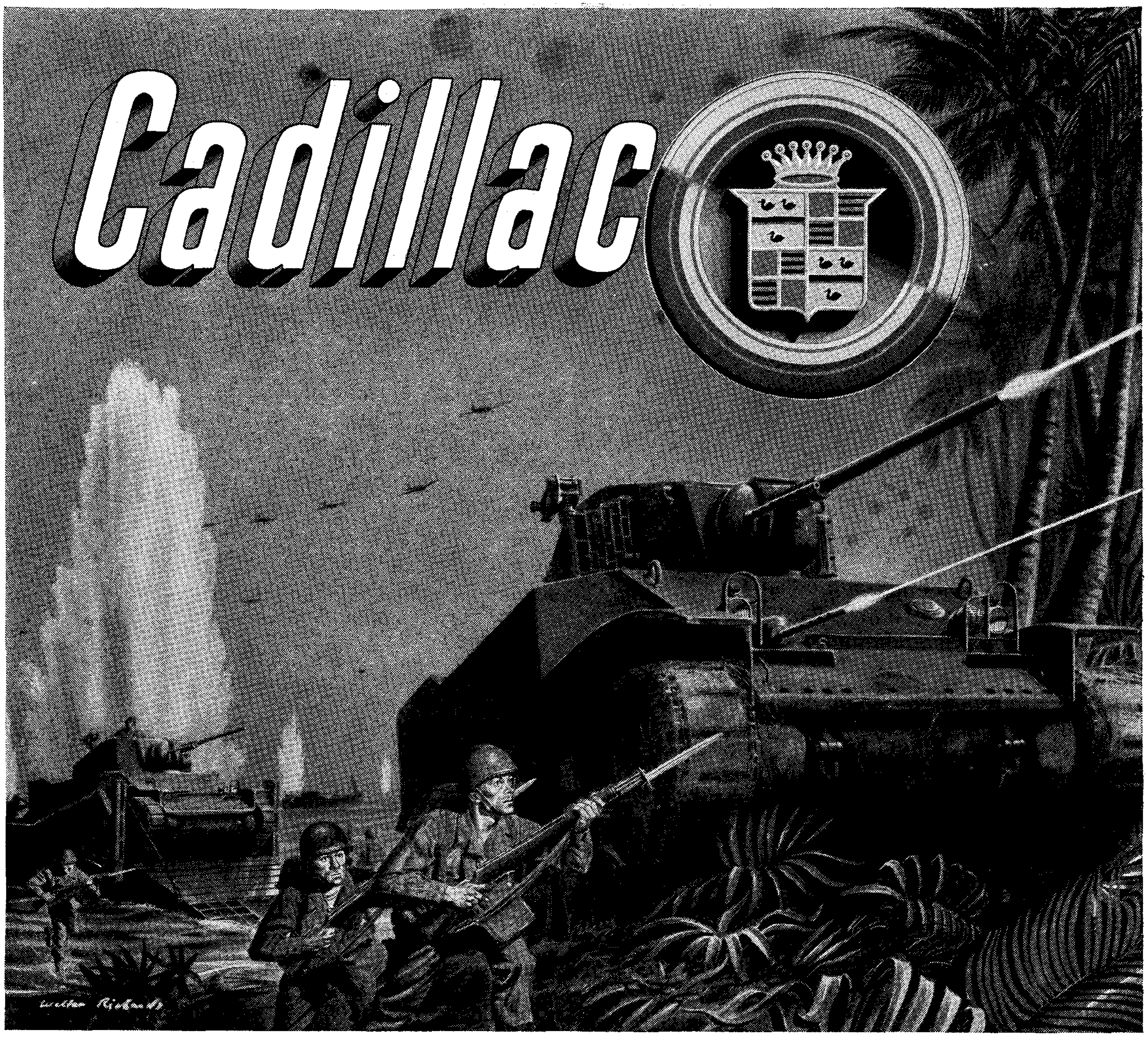
"Tobacco Talk." Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed – So Free and Easy On The Draw

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company



Commando of the Tanks

Great speed and unequalled maneuverability make the M-5 light tank, built by Cadillac, the commando of the tanks. Commando-like, it strikes swiftly and surely with unfaltering pace wherever it can gain a foothold. Army Ordnance engineers, familiar with every phase of tank operation and the relative success of each type in action, joined forces with Cadillac engineers in developing the M-5. As a result, the M-5 incorporates all that is latest and best in light tank practice plus two innovations from Cadillac peacetime engineering. This accounts for its high speed and great maneuverability. Surrounded by the utmost secrecy, the M-5 had been in full production for more than a year before this phase of Cadillac's war production program became known. Hence it started hitting the enemy with demoralizing results before its existence was suspected. Thus Cadillac's forty years of "know how" is being most effectively used in the service of the nation. Other projects entrusted to us include precision-built inner assemblies for America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine, and other vital parts for the Army and Navy. All these are products calling for outstanding skill and craftsmanship of the type upon which the Cadillac reputation and tradition are founded.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Maybe he's your boy

He had waited anxiously for this moment. Then, early one morning, his instructor hopped out of the Boeing PT-17 Kaydet and casually waved this youngster off on his first solo.

He felt a chill, a sinking wave of uncertainty, and then excitement . . . the exultant climactic realization that "This is it!" He shoved the throttle ahead and for the first time in his life lifted up into the sky . . . on his own!

When he climbed out of the sturdy trainer, he glowed with expansive pride. He was a *flier* now, and gloriously happy.

If you had been there, you'd have seen him give his Boeing Kaydet a friendly pat. For, like all fliers, he feels a real affection for the primary trainer that first lent him wings.

If your son, or brother, or that boy from down the street, is now in the Army or Navy flying services, chances are that he, too, received his first flight instruction in a Boeing designed and built airplane. For more Army and Navy pilots have gotten their initial training in Boeing primary trainers than in any other primary training planes. Boeing has delivered, all told, more than 7000 expertly engineered, soundly constructed Boeing Kaydets to the United Nations.

Boeing Kaydets are built at Boeing's plant in Wichita, Kansas. Not as spectacular as their big brothers, the Flying Fortresses,* they are, nonetheless, built to the same unyielding standards of design, engineering and manufacture.

Boeing products have always exceeded the claims advanced for them. True of airplanes today, it will be true of many a peacetime product tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

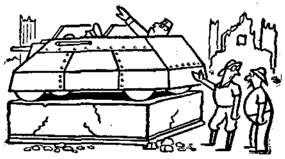
Notes and Comment

WE received a letter from the Writers' War Board the other day asking for a statement on "The Meaning of Democracy." It presumably is our duty to comply with such a request, and it is certainly our pleasure.

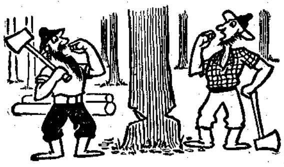
Surely the Board knows what democracy is. It is the line that forms on the right. It is the don't in don't shove. It is the hole in the stuffed shirt through which the sawdust slowly trickles; it is the dent in the high hat. Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time. It is the feeling of privacy in the voting booths, the feeling of communion in the libraries, the feeling of vitality everywhere. Democracy is a letter to the editor. Democracy is the score at the beginning of the ninth. It is an idea which hasn't been disproved yet, a song the words of which have not gone bad. It's the mustard on the hot dog and the cream in the rationed coffee. Democracy is a request from a War Board, in the middle of a morning in the middle of a war, wanting to know what democracy is.

A MAN from Nyack has told us a story which goes back to the recent mating season and concerns two powerfully built tomcats who, with hate in their hearts, fought a duel just before dawn on somebody's lawn. The sun rose to reveal the scene of battle, the fighters gone, the grass covered with cat fur. Very soon there appeared many of the birds that had selected Nyack for their summer home. They quickly cleared the lawn of fur, using it to line their nests. A fable for our time.

WE like the project for knocking Italy out of the war by dropping block-busters into Italian volcanoes. By all the signs, Fascism will soon be no more than a memory, and we are sometimes worried by the thought of exactly how indistinct and blurred a memory it is likely to be. Time exercises a natural erosion on horror, smoothing off its jagged edges and shaping it into more pleasing forms, and within a few generations or centuries the tyrant becomes the hero, or at least the buffoon. Just as some of us think of the butcher Nero as an eccentric character who played the violin, or certain Russians remember Ivan the Fourth (originally called The Terrible) as a stern old Czar who built up their country, the people of the future may recall Mussolini as a kindly fat man who liked to shout from balconies. Were Italy to go down in a volcanic eruption, however, Fascism might be fixed in the attitudes of life as faithfully and permanently as was Pompeii when the same lava descended on it. There, immortalized for all time, a delight to archeologists and perhaps a warning to laymen, would be Fascism in all its strength and joy: the Black Shirt bully holding a railroad timetable in one hand and feeding castor oil to an enemy of the state with the other, the six-year-old goose-stepping through the streets with a tiny rifle on his shoulder on his way to turn his father in to the secret police, the firing squads in every vacant lot, perhaps even the new Caesar himself, riding out among his adoring people in a simple armored car.



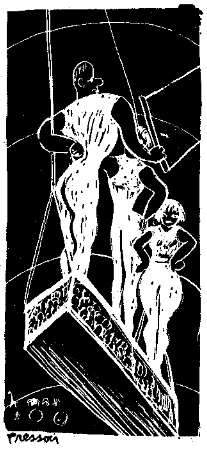
THE papers carried only the most modest account of the Federal Trade Commission's complaint against Carter's Little Liver Pills; to wit, that they had no therapeutic effect on the liver. We don't understand the complacency with which the nation received this news, threatening, as it does, to affect millions of lives and organs. From the early days of medicine men and snake oil, the sluggish liver has been an inseparable part of the American dream—the sluggish liver, the healing pill. Our mountains and plains, our cities and villages, were conquered and built by men who had sluggish livers and the means of curing them. The famous little pills travelled the uncharted alimentary canal by the untold billions, and their fame shone forth from the sides of barns and warehouses from one end to the other of this vast and bilious empire. Suddenly we are informed, in one blinding sentence of our government's charge, that not one pill ever reached its destination, not one ever made contact with the human liver, and that the whole thing has been a magnificent delusion. It was as though we had heard one morning that Broadway had in reality never made contact with Forty-second Street, or that Niagara Falls had no actuality but was a mere fiction of lovers. We fail to see why the *Times* didn't give the story what it was worth—an eight-column head on the first page: CHARGE CARTER'S PILLS MISSED VITAL ORGAN—130,000,000 PEOPLE REPORTED STILL SLUGGISH.



If the Federal Trade Commission's charges are proved, the early advertising man who first had the Carter's Little Liver Pills account should certainly receive some sort of Congressional decoration for his unique contribution to American hokum. He should be posthumously awarded the coveted ribbon of the Order of the Purple Phrase.

For Hire

THE livery-stable business hasn't yet become a major industry again. Not counting the Plaza coachmen, there are only about thirty horse-drawn carriages on the streets of Manhattan today. The usual arrangement is that a person pays a monthly fee to the livery stable and the stable earmarks a horse, carriage, and coachman for his exclusive use. This comes high, and not many people have the combination of money and leisure necessary to become carriage trade. The Plaza coachmen—there are fifteen or twenty of them, according to the best information we can get—haven't been attracted to private employment, because in these flush times they have no trouble clearing as much as fifty dollars on a pleasant weekend. Nobody in town has a private horse and carriage now. Mrs. Frank S. Witherbee, of 1148 Fifth Avenue, the widow of the iron-mine operator, was the last person in the city to have her own carriage, and she gave it up in 1929. The current zoning law would be a stumbling block to any houseowner who thought of building a stable in his back yard, and in any case there's no interest in such long-range planning.



These facts emerged from a conversation we had with Mr. J. Wainess, the proprietor of one of Manhattan's two livery stables engaged in renting carriages. Wainess is on the East Side, on Ninetieth Street; the West Side is served by the Somerset Boarding Stables, far west on Forty-eighth Street. Saddle-horse renting has fallen off sharply, and it's a good thing for both management and horses that the livery business has simultaneously revived. Mr. Wainess is doing a brisk trade in reconditioned conveyances for out-of-town use. Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, who is now living in Washington, took with her three rigs from Wainess—a country brougham, a city brougham, and an opera bus. Wainess has issued a catalogue full of lovely, forgotten names like these: Chester wagonette, queen wicker phaeton, iron loop bus, governess cart, three-seated mountain wagon, landau, tub cart, East Shore runabout, two-seated trap, light-weight surrey.

A year ago Wainess had in his warehouse about three hundred reconditioned carriages. He'd bought them, over a period of years, from estates around New York, just on a hunch. Two hundred of them have already been sold, at an average price of $225. Harness is very rare and a serious problem. Wainess has a reasonable supply, having made a habit of buying harness whenever he bought a carriage. Horses trained to city ways now fetch as much as $350. You can get an inexperienced horse, one that doesn't know a green light from a red light, for $150, but take Mr. Wainess's word for it, you won't be getting any bargain.

Specialist

A YOUNG housewife, the grateful recipient of a stupendous ham from some friends in the South, went to Lewis & Conger's for a saw to cut it up with. "Not just a meat saw," she told the courtly old gentleman who waited on her. "Probably we'll never have to cut up a ham again in our lives. Something that will be handy around the house." He said he understood exactly. "I suggest a mitre saw," he told her. "I have one at home, and it has proved invaluable on many occasions. Unfortunately, we do not carry them in stock, but if you care to step across Sixth Avenue, there is a hardware store which no doubt can supply you." In the hardware store, the lady explained to a clerk—he was in his shirt sleeves and was not particularly courtly—that Lewis & Conger had sent her over to buy a mitre saw, for ham-cutting and general utility. The clerk guffawed mightily. "Lady, you tell Lewis & Conger to tend to their Sleepy Shoppy," he said. "*I'll* tell you what kind of a saw to buy."

Something for the Boy

WE'RE not saying the manpower shortage is licked, or even that it's licked in the theatre, but we'll cite a case. It is that of young Billy Callahan, who, at the age of sixteen, is filling a dancing rôle in "Something for the Boys," the musical at the Alvin. Mr. Callahan's rôle, you understand, is not that of a sixteen-year-old dancer but that of a regular adult dancer. We talked to him in his dressing room after a matinée last week and he said he imagined his landing the part could be attributed to the dearth of adult males. We had seen the show and we said we thought he could hold his own in grown-up competition. "You flatter me, sir," said Mr. Callahan.

He is a personable youth with even features and a frequent smile. We thought we noticed a hint of the South in his accent, which shows how much we know, for he was born in the Pelham Bay section of the Bronx and has spent just about all his life there. Last summer, in his only previous professional engagement, he worked for a month at the Samovar, a night club in Montreal, but the prevailing dialect up there is not Southern. The chances are against his doing much travelling now, even in the mornings, because his day starts at 8 A.M., when he goes to his first class at Fordham Prep. He expects to be graduated from there in January, whereupon he will go on to Fordham proper. "Gee, is college any easier than high school, sir?" Mr. Callahan asked us. We said it was a cinch.

Mr. Callahan's school day is over at about twenty minutes to twelve, but his classes aren't. He comes right downtown and, on non-matinée days, spends his afternoons at dancing, singing, and piano lessons. These he has taken since he was seven. The chances are he would have started sooner if his father had thought he could stand the pace. His father, it seems, is a bear for show business, but having got himself wrapped up in real estate for economic reasons, he has got into the theatre only by remote control, through his only child. "He's something of a bug on the subject," his only child told us. We learned also that Callahan *père* was a pretty good ballplayer in his earlier days and would have liked a fling at the major leagues if it had been practical. Anything but real estate, was our impression. Mrs. Callahan teaches first grade in a public school. She manages to turn up in the neighborhood of the Alvin every evening to have dinner with her son. She and her husband see the show about once every two weeks, whereupon they are likely to give Billy a few pointers. "Maybe I'm smiling too much and they think I ought to ease up on the old poison-ality," he told us. Mrs. Callahan, as it happens, is more apt to have a suggestion than Mr. Callahan. "She's a bug now, too," the younger Mr. Callahan said.

Mr. Callahan will be eighteen a year from this August and is going to try to get into Navy aviation then, if the war is still in operation. He expects military service to play hell with his dancing, since it will put him out of practice and afterward he'll probably have to start all over again. "It's a merciless art," he told us. Meanwhile, he is eminently content with his job in "Something for the Boys." He got it after Michael Todd, the producer, heard him audition for a singing part and asked him what else he could do. He gave Mr. Todd a sample of his dancing and the deal was closed.

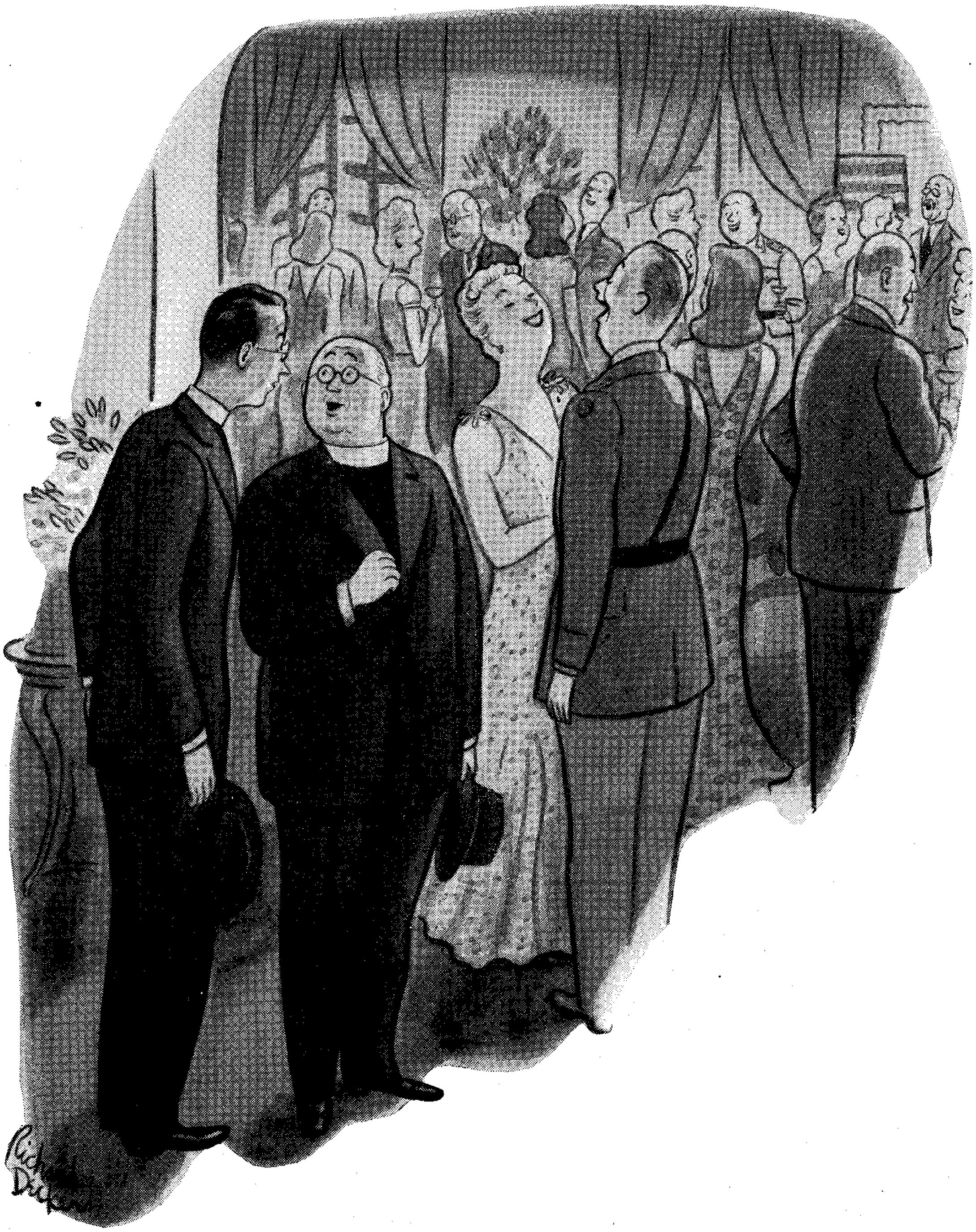
We left the theatre with Mr. Callahan, and he found some people waiting at the stage door to congratulate him. One of them, he explained when they had gone, was one of his father's seven brothers. "They've all seen the show now," he said. "That's the last of them."

Tribute

FOR all we know, this may *really* be the story to end stories about notes that pass between maids and mistresses, and vice versa. A lady who is away from her apartment a good deal these war days has a habit of leaving little notes for the maid, containing instructions about the various things to be done while she's away. "When the order comes from the grocer's," she is likely to write, "please put the milk in the icebox right away, so it won't spoil." Or "Be sure to remind the laundry man about those pillowslips that were missing last week. I can't find them anywhere, and I'm sure he lost them." Things like that. The lady realized that they may have been a bit fussy in tone, but she never suspected that there was anything wrong about them until the other day, when she came home earlier than usual and found the maid folding one of the notes and putting it in her purse as she was making ready to leave. "Why, Edna!" the lady said. "Are you taking that home with you?" "Yes'm," said the maid. "I always takes your notes home with me." The lady was touched, but she was also puzzled. "You do?" she said. "But what do you do with them?" "Oh, I shows them around to my friends." "Really, Edna!" the lady said, still more or less touched. "Why do you do that?" "Well, Ma'am," said Edna, "it amuses them."

Churchill's Longfellows

BEARING down hard on a tip we got from a newspaper item, we made our way to 120 Broadway and interviewed the proprietor of the lobby cigar stand there, a Mr. John M. Rushbrook. Rushbrook, so the newspaper said, used to supply Winston Churchill with cigars before the war made shipping hazardous and shipping space precious. We found Rushbrook officiating at his counter, a rather handsome, mustached fellow in his fifties. He readily verified the Churchill item, adding that he had not, however, supplied Churchill with *all* his cigars. Thereby hangs a worry of Rushbrook's. "Look at it this way and you'll see how my mind works," he told us earnestly. "Churchill has a definite and distinct smoking problem. He smokes a constant diet of those big,

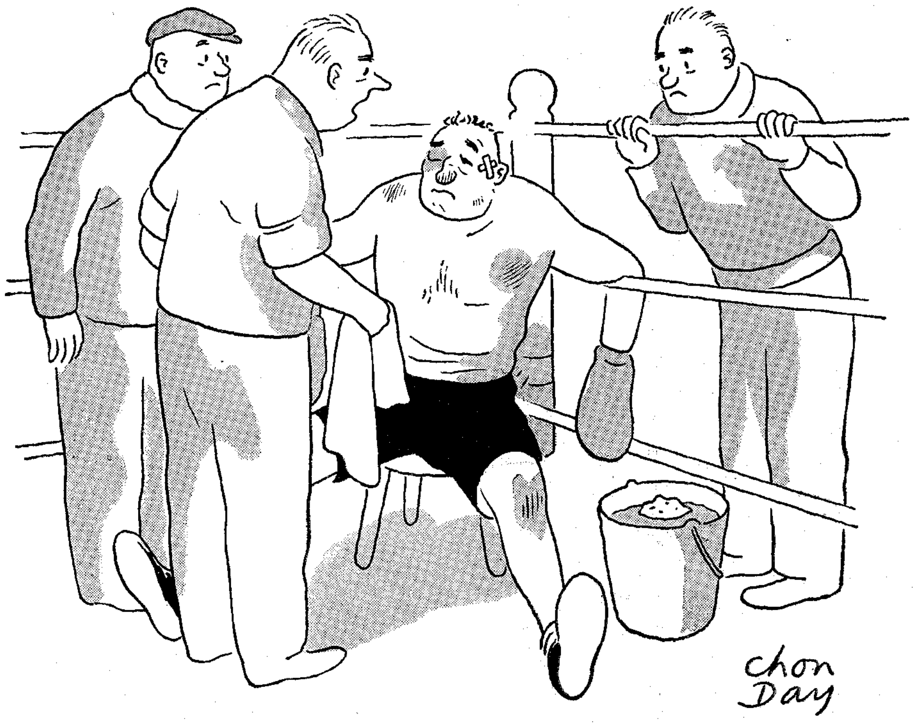


"Just walk around and mingle. Don't drink more than two—just enough to show you're a good sport. Don't show that you're shocked by anything the ladies say. Stay around about half an hour and then go home."

black, strong Cubans, and these are enough to knock out any ordinary man's nerves. All right, until 1939 he was using my Royal Derby, longfellow or delicado type, as an in-between smoke, because of their mild, soothing blend of half Havana and half domestic leaf." We hastily tuned out the commercial, and when we picked up Rushbrook again he was saying, "Now that he's not getting the Royal Derbies, he has to smoke those heavy Cubans all the time, without a letup, and maybe knock out his digestion or whatever."

Rushbrook's conclusion that Churchill stopped ordering Royal Derbies for patriotic reasons is purely intuitive. After England went to war, the orders just stopped; that's all he actually knows. During the previous decade he had shipped Churchill well over ten thousand cigars, in lots of one thousand. The first transaction between them took place in 1929. "I was standing here," Rushbrook told us, "just sort of dozing, and this man comes up and asks for three longfellows in this Royal Derby make—three for fifty they were. I give them to him without thinking, and he gives me a buck, and I give him change, and he says, 'Nice day,' and I nod, and he walks away, and then I do a double take. 'It's Winston Churchill,' I say, out loud. He wasn't so famous then, of course, but I remembered him from the World War." Next Rushbrook heard from Churchill was some months later, when a cable arrived from England ordering a thousand cigars. After that an order would come in about once a year, sometimes in a cable signed by Churchill or his secretary, sometimes personally picked up by someone from the British Consulate, which is near 120 Broadway. Once, Rushbrook believes, the Prime Minister's son came in with an order. "I think Churchill has a tall, handsome son, and *this* fellow was a tall, handsome son. Something whispered inside me and said, 'Maybe.' But I couldn't be sure, and I don't want to make any misrepresentations of pure fact."

These days Rushbrook anxiously studies all the pictures of Churchill that appear in the press, trying to dope out what kind of cigars he's using. Last time Churchill was over here, he was apparently too busy to consult his old tobacconist, so Rushbrook is just as much in the dark as ever about what he is smoking. He is inclined to believe that the Prime Minister is on a lethal, unrelieved diet of Cubans. "If it wasn't for the sky-high duty, I'd ship him a box of Derbies," he told us. "It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. You get the Prime Minister knocking himself out, maybe for a good and patriotic reason, but perhaps the world suffers because the Prime Minister knocks himself out." Rushbrook wanted us to understand, however, that he wasn't intending to criticize Churchill's decision. "If I was Prime Minister, I'd say 'Cancel the cigar order,' too," he said. Shortly after Churchill stopped ordering, Rushbrook started smoking Royal Derby longfellows himself. "I can't explain it," he told us. "Call it sentiment, perhaps."



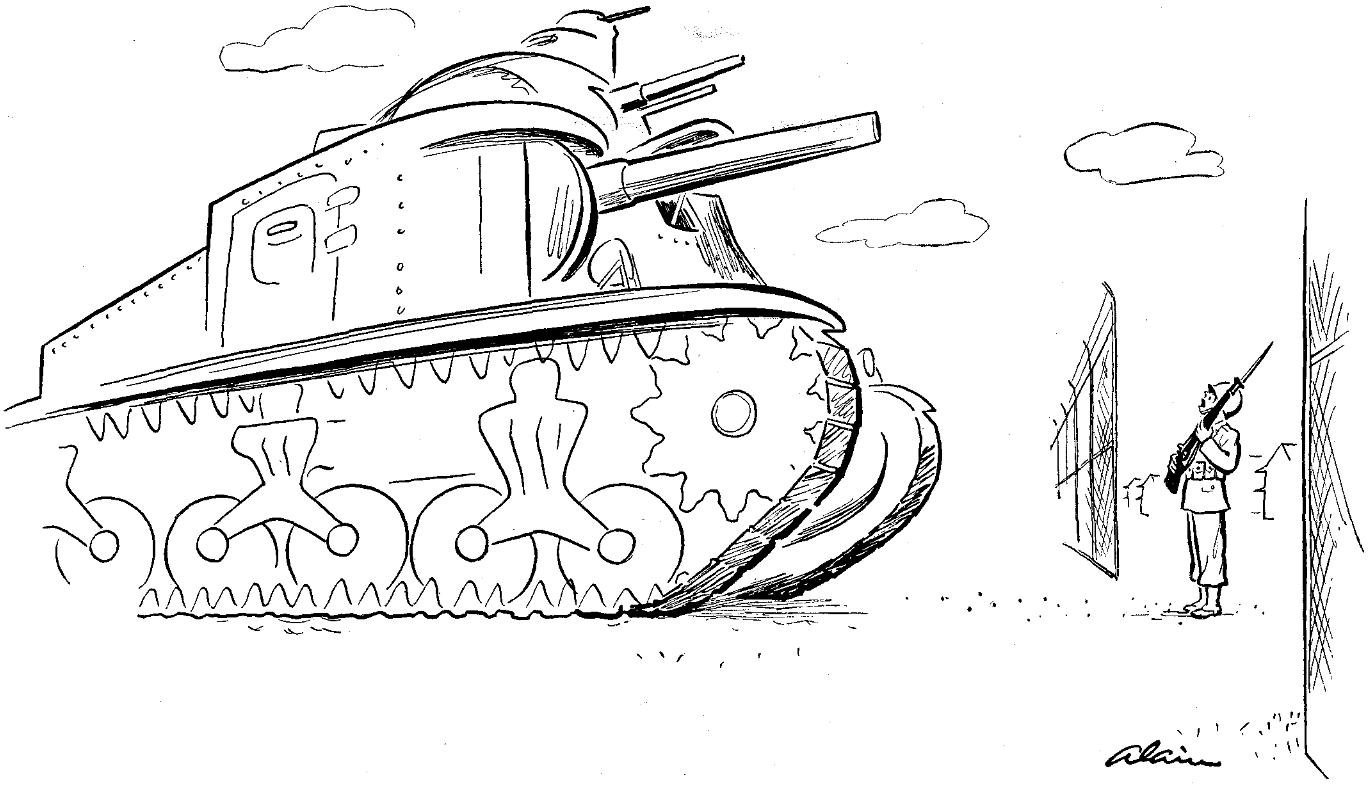
"Now's the time to start throwing those wild punches."

Roundup

THIS is something that happened last weekend on a Connecticut estate which the owner this year started operating, in a small, frightened way, as a dairy farm. Sometime after dinner on Saturday night, when the guests were contentedly occupied in the game room, the squire came plunging in with the news that some of his cows were loose and that everybody would have to turn out at once to help him round them up. He issued flashlights to the guests, led them to the pasture, showed them where the gate was, and instructed them to disperse and chase any stray cows in that general direction; he'd stay by the gate and shut them in. The guests deployed over the surrounding terrain and, after forty-five minutes of fairly tough work, drove seven or eight cows into their host's pasture. The host, after shutting the gate, took a flashlight and inspected the captives. "Cripes!" he said finally. "I've never seen any of *these* cows before in my life."

Simpl

WE have had a pleasant chat with Mr. Franz Schoenberner, who in pre-Hitler days was editor-in-chief of the famous German weekly magazine *Simplicissimus*. "Simpl," as the German magazine public called it, was a compromise between *Punch* and *The New Yorker*, Mr. Schoenberner told us; its cartoons were in the *Punch* tradition of political and social comment, and its fiction and news articles were in general not unlike those prepared for the deserving publication at 25 West Forty-third Street. It sold for the German equivalent of fifteen cents and had more influence than its relatively small circulation would have suggested. The name was borrowed from a satirical tale of the seventeenth century, a novel which employed the old literary device of the super-simple guy who was so dumb he saw right through everything. Simpl used to be owned by one Thomas Theodor Heine, who founded it back in 1896, and five contributing editors. Schoenberner went to work there on salary in 1929, helping with ideas for the political cartoons, reading all the manuscripts submitted, and editing whatever



"Halt! . . . Please."

• •

he bought. We told him that nobody at our place was equal to such a load, and he tactfully explained that he was an insomniac. These days he's bearing an almost equal load working with the Council for Social Action of the Congregational Church.

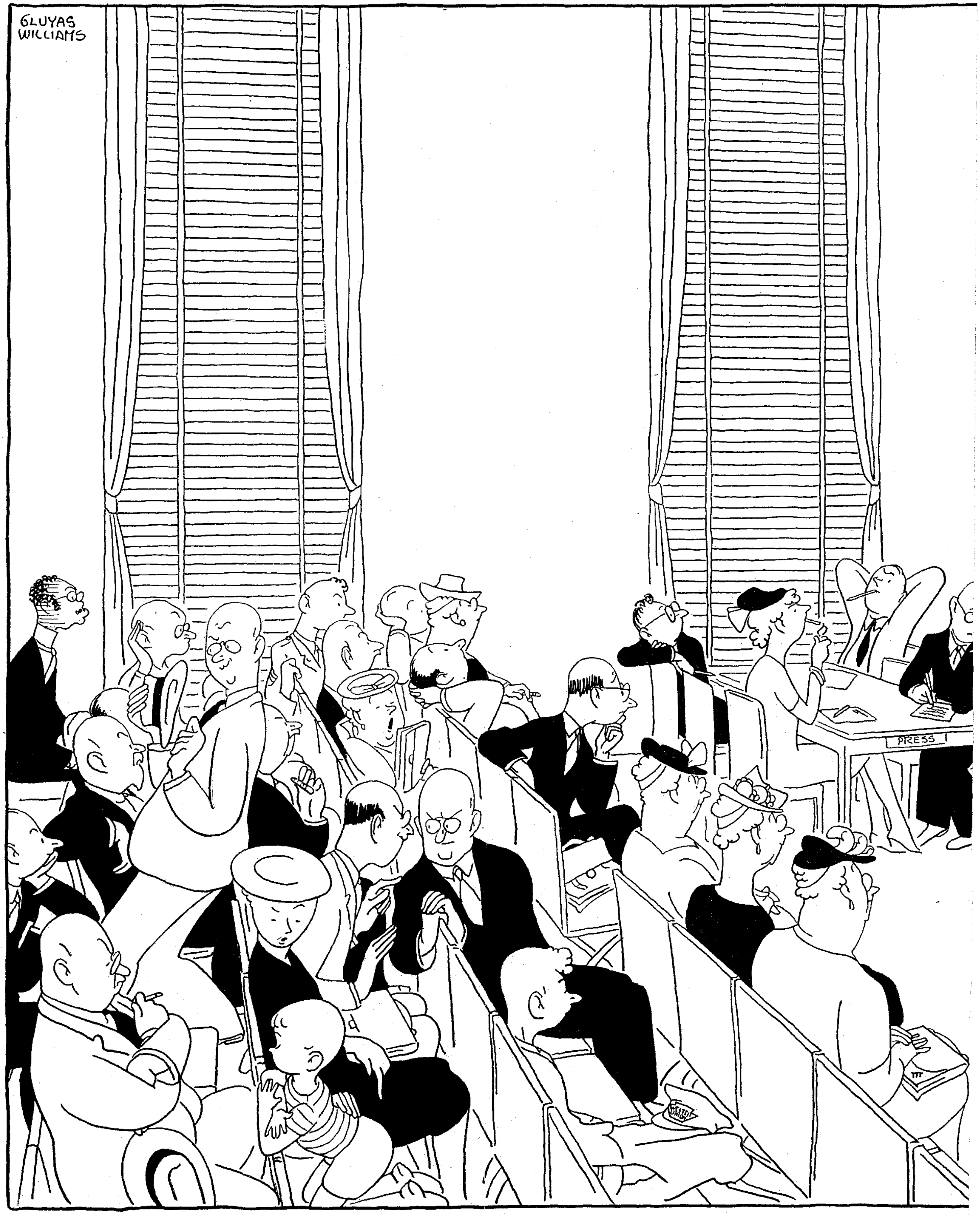
Schoenberner is about fifty, short and slight, with sparkling blue eyes, thinning blond hair, and sharp features. He arrived here two years ago, after a long sojourn in France, and since then has learned almost faultless English. He wears bow ties and a monocle and possesses the ability, somehow astonishing in a Continental sophisticate, to roll a cigarette in less time than it takes to offer him one of your own. He lives on Irving Place with his wife, a pretty woman of German-French parentage who used to contribute regularly to Simpl. He was educated in Berlin and Munich, and drifted into literary work by becoming a reader for a big publishing house.

Years ago Simpl was kidding the pants off Hitler. It started, as well as Mr. Schoenberner can remember, in 1927. He now admits that the staff was at fault in not taking Hitler seriously. After seeing an issue safely to press (always with at least one anti-Hitler cartoon in it), Schoenberner and his colleagues would go to a Munich café called the Osteria, and there, more likely than not, they'd see Hitler and some of *his* colleagues conspiring and dining. "We never even looked at them," Schoenberner told us sadly. "To us Hitler was just the typical little man. He looked like an unemployed doorman." As the Nazis grew stronger, they began to attack Simpl, first setting up a rival weekly, which soon flopped, and then resorting to intimidation. Schoenberner would get anonymous telephone calls telling him to watch his step, or, more specifically, advising him to recall this or that issue from the newsstands. After Hitler became Chancellor, Simpl ran a cartoon showing Michel, the German equivalent of John Bull, with a padlock on his mouth and a Storm Trooper watching him. The caption said, "Germany Is a Republic. The Colors of Our Flag Are Black, Red, and Gold." The night after that issue hit the stands, the Nazis broke into Schoenberner's office and messed everything up. "I'll never have another office like that," Schoenberner told us parenthetically. "It was like Mussolini's. It had a desk nearly three yards long, and the room was so big you needed signs saying To the Editor." The Nazis destroyed a lot of manuscripts and tossed the files all around. They left a note in the stamp-and-petty-cash drawer that said, "We are no thieves. Nothing has been taken," but they took all the folding money from the safe, as well as the wine the editors used for entertaining contributors.

The last issue of Simpl to go to press under Schoenberner's direction was dated March 19, 1933. It contained a rather pointed cartoon about the Reichstag fire, captioned, "Will a New Phoenix Arise out of This Fire?" Heine, the founder, was already preparing to flee the country, and the other editors had become converted to Naziism. The Schoenberners lit out for Switzerland. When they got there, they saw that the March 19th issue had been tinkered with. The caption on the Reichstag-fire cartoon read, "Will a New Phoenix Arise out of This Fire? And Bring Liberation from the World-Wide Fire of Bolshevism?" It looked awfully silly with the two question marks, Schoenberner told us, especially as the emendation was in a different type.

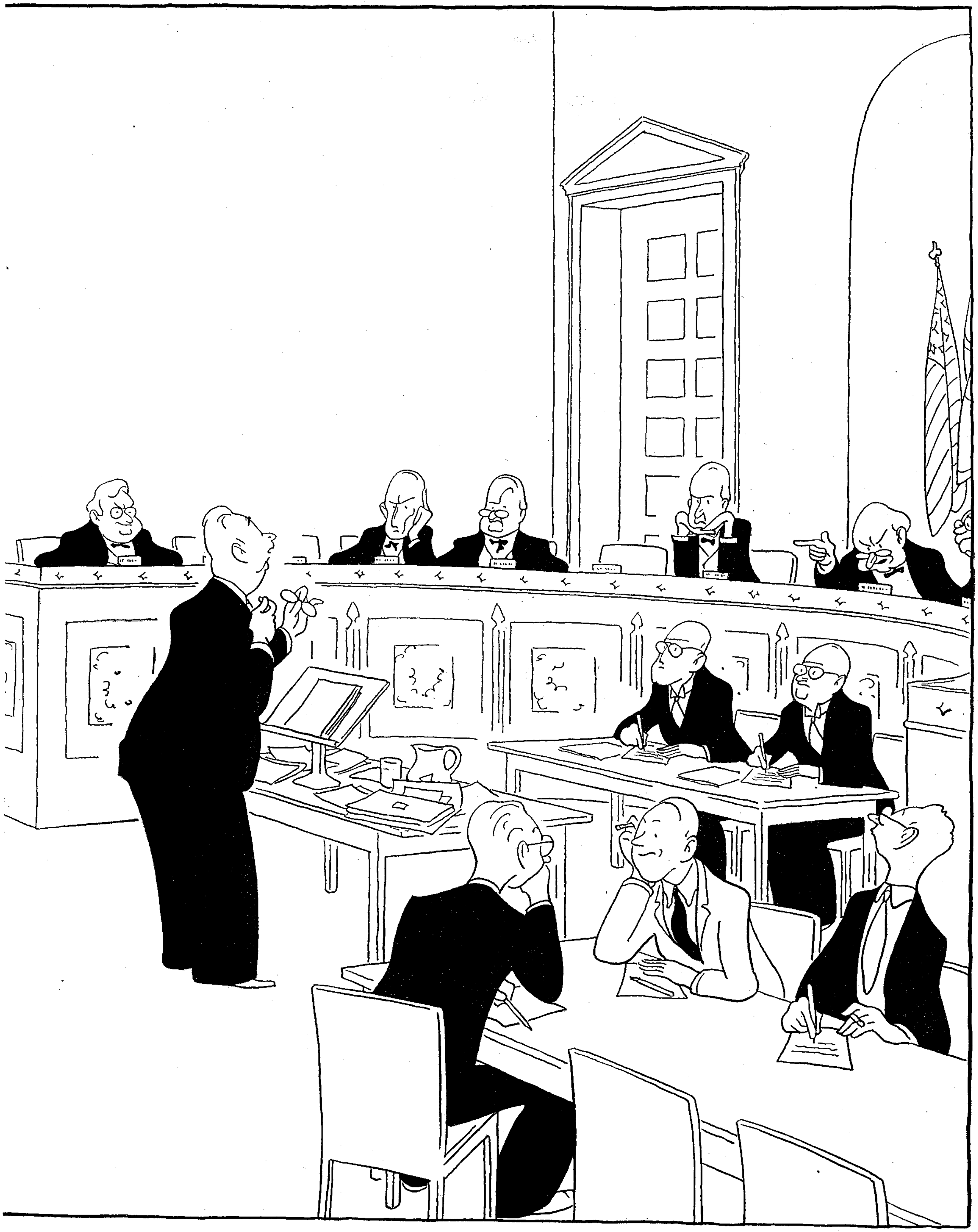
Prophets Without Honor

THIS may be a mild aid-and-comfort-to-the-enemy story, but pooh! The instructors at an Army Weather Observers' School, out in the Midwest, arranged for a picnic at a local watering spot. It rained all day.


GLUYAS WILLIAMS
PRESS

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Committee Hearing—Open Session



JUST LIKE CHILDREN LEADING NORMAL LIVES

TEACHERS for my sister June and me were Mother's greatest problem when we were touring the country as a child vaudeville act. It was important that they look the part, and they had to have papers proving they were registered teachers and letters showing they had taught before. Mother didn't care where they had taught so long as it sounded impressive. Above all they had to be, as Mother said, troupers. The act had been running into child-labor trouble and we had even been arrested in Rochester. If it hadn't been for Grandpa, who was a Shriner, and the fact that the judge was a Shriner, too, we probably wouldn't have been allowed to finish the week. As it was, June and I missed two performances.

From then on, every time we opened in a new city, stern-faced policewomen would come backstage and question my sister and me. The questions were hard. For example, when were we born? They always wanted the year. Months and days were easy, but we had so many years to keep track of. Actually, June was eight and I was a few years older. But on trains my sister was under five and I was under ten. In Rochester we both had to be twelve, in San Francisco fourteen. We couldn't play New York at all, because the age limit there was sixteen, and even with lifts in our shoes we couldn't look sixteen.

Once a policewoman asked us to name the Vice-President under Wilson. June and I had never heard of Wilson. Another policewoman asked us who killed Cain. It went on like that until it became plain that, much as Mother hated to spend the money, a schoolteacher had become a necessity. The first one, Miss Hamilton, had the face for it and she had the papers, too, but she was no trouper. She thought living in hotels was barbaric. Eating in a dining wagon gave her indigestion. She couldn't sleep in an upper berth; she was afraid she'd roll out. After a couple of weeks she broke down completely and took a day coach back home. I don't remember the second teacher too well. She was only with us for three days. Mother and she had some slight difference about salary.

Then when we were playing in Minneapolis, Miss Tomkins joined the act. She had just graduated from the Minnesota State Normal School and we—the six boys in the act, my sister, and I—were her first pupils.

We liked Miss Tomkins immediately. She was delighted with the prospect of travelling with a show troupe. She thought living in hotels and eating in restaurants was a thrilling adventure. She couldn't wait to sleep in an upper. The admiring glances of the stagehands and the musicians pleased her. She liked it when Mother called her our tutor.

Mother had one misgiving about the new teacher; she was too pretty. Mother would have preferred an older woman, a more genuine type. Miss Tomkins was blond, with blue eyes and very pale eyelashes. Her figure was full. She wore high-heeled patent-leather pumps. Mother made her buy a pair of sturdy Ground Grippers at once. Then she tactfully suggested that Miss Tomkins wear her hair straight—marcels were a nuisance on the road, anyway—and put on horn-rimmed glasses. "Not real lenses, of course," Mother said gaily. "Just glass in the horn rims, for the effect." Miss Tomkins agreed.

Mother also toyed with the idea of a uniform. Gray serge with a long cape for street wear, the cape to be lined with red flannel. Very English-governess-like, Mother said. She and Miss Tomkins settled for plain black with white piqué collar and cuffs.

ONE morning, a few days after Miss Tomkins was hired, Mother invited reporters and photographers to attend our first class. Miss Tomkins' black dress looked quite drab and Mother was hopeful that, for all her prettiness, she would photograph badly. That day we had real school desks in our dressing room. A large blackboard hid the make-up shelf and Miss Tomkins had a desk with a globe of the world on it. The globe was a prop from another act. Miss Tomkins became very friendly with the photographers. While they set up their tripods she said, "Oh, you don't want ugly me in the picture." They laughed and told her she was far from ugly, and one of the cameramen told her to wet her lips so they would photograph more alluringly. Miss Tomkins' mouth was quite chapped by the time the pictures were finished.

While the pictures were being taken, a reporter asked Miss Tomkins what she thought about stage kiddies in general. "I find them above the average pupil in public schools," she answered quickly. "Little June has been on the stage since she was two and a half years old. She has never been to school. But actions speak louder than words. June, dear, how much is four times four?"

June stared at Miss Tomkins for what seemed a very long time. There was something almost hostile in the stare, something Miss Tomkins couldn't account for. I felt sorry for her and decided to be helpful.

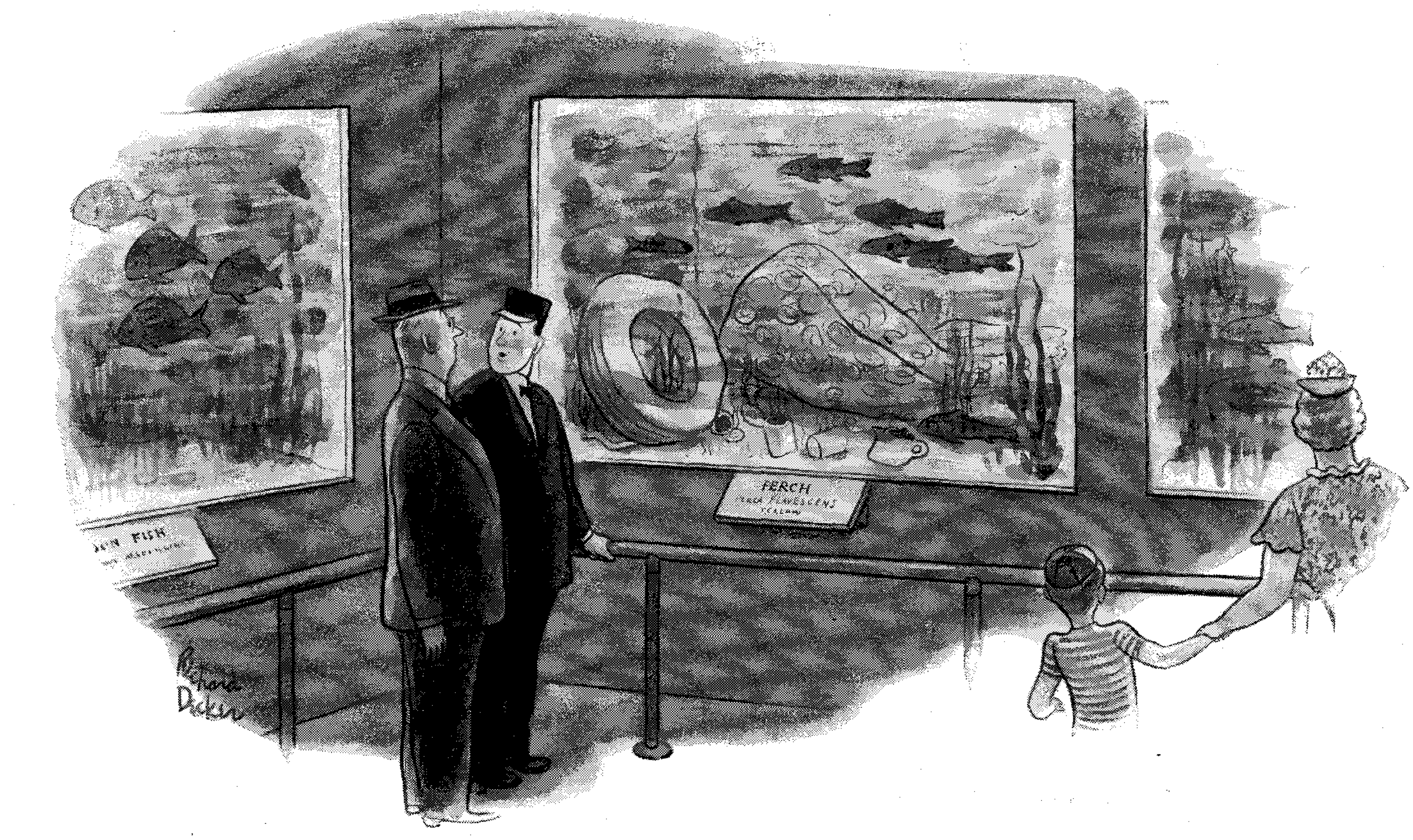
"We haven't got to our foursies yet," I said.

"We haven't got to our foursies yet," June said. "We start from two times one is two, two times two is four, two times three is six, and so on."

The reporter was satisfied and so was Miss Tomkins. Neither of them suspected that we learned our multiplication tables the way we learned a new song lyric. Skipping around was taboo.

When the pictures appeared in the evening paper, the caption of one said, "When is a school not a school? When it's backstage at the Hennepin-Orpheum." Mother wasn't at all sure she liked the sound of it. She preferred the one that said, "Dainty June and her newsboy songsters at school. From nine until noon they study their readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic—just like children leading normal lives."

AT exactly noon the following day, June and I slipped into our coats and started to leave the schoolroom. We were at the door



"It's an attempt to reproduce their natural surroundings, sir."

• •

before June turned to Miss Tomkins and said, "We're going to the ten-cent store. Do you want to come wiff us?" June and I always took our noon exercise in the aisles of the local ten-cent stores—such nice smells of hot dogs and roasted peanuts, so many colorful things piled up on the counters, so many careless salesgirls. We usually wore coats with big pockets.

Miss Tomkins did want to come with us. She removed her horn-rimmed glasses before we started out—Mother had told her it was all right now that the publicity pictures had been taken—but she still wore the Ground Grippers and they made her walk strangely, almost as though she had snowshoes on. When people looked at June, with her blond curls and her animated little face, Miss Tomkins smiled proudly.

The dime store was down the street from the theatre. We forgot Miss Tomkins as soon as we got inside. We were too busy. June engaged a shopgirl in conversation and I clipped. Then it was my turn to talk to the shopgirl while June clipped. There was nothing systematic about it. We didn't take things we needed and we seldom took anything we wanted. Quantity was what we were after.

That day we didn't wait until we got to the theatre to compare our booty but began emptying our pockets as soon as we left the store. June won. She had a tin spectacle case, two compasses, a jar of pomade, a patent can-opener, and a tea-strainer. I had two articles more, but mine were small, compact things; June's were bulky. We were trading vigorously when all at once we heard Miss Tomkins gasp. It was almost like Mother's asthma gasp. June and I gave Miss Tomkins a sympathetic glance and went back to our bartering.

"Where did you children get those?" Miss Tomkins asked, her voice cracking on the last word.

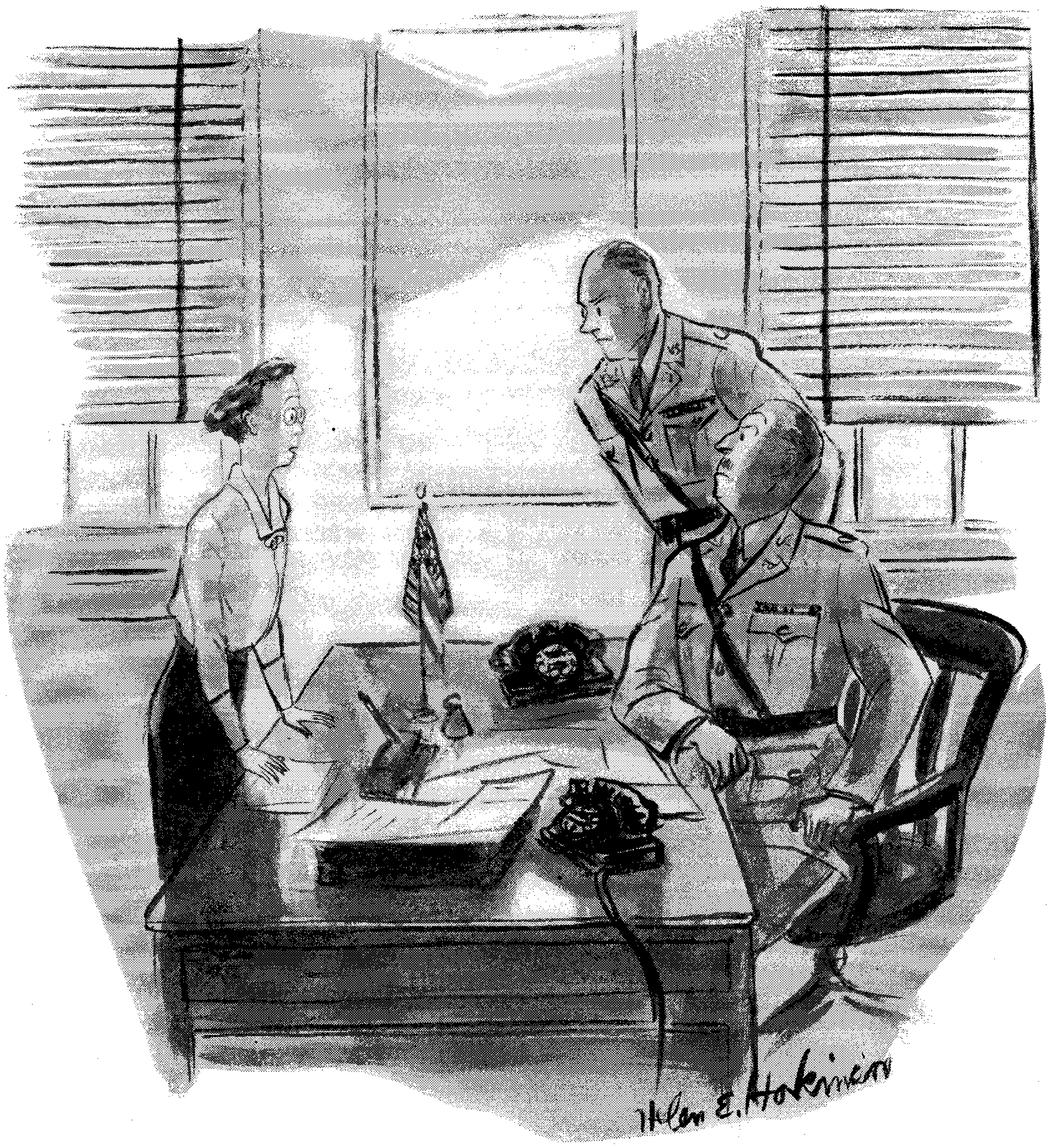
June and I stared, first at Miss Tomkins, then at each other. "Woolworff's," June said. She had trouble with her "th"s and Mother encouraged it because she thought it made June sound babylike. Usually Miss Tomkins, like most other people, smiled when June lisped, but she didn't smile this time. She seized our arms firmly and marched us back into the store. We didn't realize what she intended to do until we found ourselves standing before the cosmetics counter.

"Tell the lady you stole the jar of pomade," Miss Tomkins said to June. I was stunned and apparently June was too. As though in a trance she took the jar of pomade from her pocket and handed it to the open-mouthed clerk. Miss Tomkins forced her chapped lips into a righteous grin. "Now ask her to forgive you," she said. "Tell her you will never steal again."

June's mouth began working. For a moment no sound came forth, then she managed to mumble, "I'm sowwy, and I'll never steal again." The last words came very fast, and June shut her mouth with a snap.

Miss Tomkins herded us to the next counter. Combs, brushes, and spectacle cases were disgorged. I heard myself repeating June's speech and it didn't sound like my voice at all. It was more like a voice coming from the bottom of a deep well.

AN hour later we were all in the dressing room. Mother was curling June's hair. She tested the hot iron on a sheet of newspaper that served as a covering for the makeup shelf. Then she placed a second iron on the flame of a Sterno can. When the stage electrician knocked and asked Mother for the light cues, Miss Tomkins offered to finish



"Why, yes, Mr. Stimson did call you a few days ago and wanted you to call him back, but I forgot to tell you because of some trouble I was having with a tooth."

• •

June's hair and took the iron from Mother.

June had been silent from the time we left the ten-cent store. Now, when she heard Miss Tomkins' voice, she banged her head on the makeup shelf with such violence that the thud made me look up from tying my shoe. June shoved her thin hands through her straggly blond hair and shrieked. Then she jumped up from her chair and backed into a corner of the dressing room. Her shrieks became louder and louder. Miss Tomkins, holding the smoking curling iron in her hand, stared at her. I thought she had burned my sister and Mother thought so too. She rushed over to June and fell on her knees in front of her.

"There, there, she didn't burn my little angel on purpose," Mother said, over and over. "She didn't burn my little angel on purpose."

Then it all came out—garbled, disjointed, but true: how we had apologized to ten clerks, how we had returned fourteen articles. June didn't say stolen articles; she said "fings we got."

Mother picked her up and held her close. "Don't cry, angel. Mommy is here. Don't cry." Mother began crying too, so I started—good loud bellows for the dignity I had left at the spectacle counter at Woolworth's. I threw myself at Mother and buried my face in her chest. June's knee hit me on the nose as Mother rocked her back and forth, but I didn't care. We were together. We were safe from outsiders who didn't understand us. Mother felt warm and smelled good. I cried louder.

Then, in a rush, Mother's mood changed. She put June on an army cot and pushed me aside. "How dare you?" Mother shouted at Miss Tomkins. June and I stopped crying and looked on, serene and confident. "How dare you subject that little bundle of nerves to such a strain?"

The little bundle of nerves sniffed loudly.

"How can that baby do her matinée in *that* condition?" Mother went on, her voice rising higher and higher. Miss Tomkins didn't even try to answer. In her very brief association with the troupe she had learned that much. She put the curling iron on the shelf and walked toward the door.

"Get out!" Mother screamed. "You're fired!"

I was too scared to look, but I heard something heavy hit the door after it closed and I think it was a chair. When I opened my eyes, Mother was reheating the curling iron. June had stopped trembling. She dragged the upturned chair to the shelf and seated herself in front of the cracked, wavy mirror.

"She isn't really fired, is she, Mommy?" June asked.

Mother tested the curling iron with a wet finger before she answered. "Certainly not," she said. "Now sit still while Mommy does the bangs."

"Look, Mommy," June said a moment later. "I got three eyes."

Mother smiled. "No, precious. That's just a defect in the mirror."

I jumped up to look. Sure enough, my sister did have three eyes.

—GYPSY ROSE LEE

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Beatrice* (*Nebr.*) *Sun*]

Earl K. Schmidt of Clatonia underwent an emergency operation at the Mennonite hospital last night. Mrs. Otis Kaminska and Mrs. Al Clausen rendered two numbers during the service with Mrs. Flora Holmes at the piano.

BASIC SOLDIER

Private John Logan slogged down the Alabama road in the rear ranks of the third platoon, with the rain scourging him and wild clouds racing overhead. Before and behind him stretched the column, their helmeted heads creating a flowing, cobblestoned effect, their gray-green and oil-green raincoats blending with the pine forest that rose on either side. The men were bulky with heavy packs, gas masks, web belts, and rifles. They moved forward at a steady route march.

Logan had a cold and was tired; he was breathing heavily through his mouth, his nose was stuffed, and his eyeballs ached. He was trying to forget his cold by thinking of his wife, but it was difficult. Just ahead of him an irritating nineteen-year-old named Joe Colucci was bawling his way through "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" for the tenth consecutive time. Logan knew how many times it was because when Colucci finished, his pals, Daniels and Healy, yelled, "Eleventh verse!," and Colucci began again. Logan wondered if when he was that young he'd stayed so persistently with a tiresome gag.

Up ahead someone shouted, and then the cry was relayed back: "Enemy sighted!"

The column spilled off the road, tripping over roots, slipping on the lump-hard, polished clay, or going ankle-deep in the mud as they scattered for cover. Logan dropped behind a tree and lay gratefully in the wet. He could smell the wood damp and the rain, and hear someone telling someone else to keep his rump down and another voice god-damning it because the men were too bunched together.

Some firecrackers went off in the wood and then there was a pleasant interval of silence as the point and the flank skirmishers probed for the imaginary enemy.

Logan sighed and closed his eyes. They had been doing this all afternoon—chasing up and down the drenched countryside, sometimes on roads, sometimes through the forest, and always being harried, yelled at, given contradictory orders. Back home, thought Logan, I wouldn't even stir in weather like this. I'd lounge around the house, play a game or two of cribbage with Janet, and probably go to bed early with a book. He thought longingly of sleeping again between two sheets, of having a napkin at table, of Janet across from him instead of some greedy-eyed, greedy-handed chow hound.

"Fall in!"

Against the protest of his muscles, Logan got to his feet and the weight of the pack took a fresh grip on his shoulders. "I'm an old man at thirty-five," he decided with some amusement, remembering that a couple of months ago, as a civilian, he'd been considered a promising young man.

Back on the road, he fell in beside Fessler, who had slashed his hand on a piece of broken glass when he took cover and was clumsily bandaging it. Logan helped him knot the handkerchief.

"Oh, well," said Fessler, "maybe at my age it will get me a medical discharge." He was about the same age as Logan.

"I wish you luck," Logan answered. "Drop me a line when you get back to the States."

This was a camp joke and Fessler gave it a short laugh.

There was some scuffling in the ranks behind and young Daniels, dodging away from Colucci, caromed into Logan, kicking his ankle.

Logan cursed. This was always the worst indignity, to be barely able to stand from fatigue and then have these nitwit brats gambolling about as fresh as daisies.

"Watch your blood pressure," Fessler said.

Redick, their thin-faced, thin-shouldered corporal, bore down on them, making his usual unpleasant noises. They re-formed slowly, shifting from foot to foot, rubbing their hands against the mud and rain, resettling their packs and slung rifles.

At the command they went forward, moving through the dripping pine forest in extended order, a thin line of men in single file on either side of the road. The rain came at them fitfully and their trousers above the leggings clung clammily to the skin.

After a few hundred yards the cry of "Gas!" came back from the point and, simultaneously, HC grenades were exploded and a white drift of smoke thinned out through the trees.

Oh, God! thought Logan, stumbling again for cover and ripping at the fastenings of his carrier. He pulled off his helmet and got his mask on, smoothing the harness over the back of his head. Then, doubling a length of hose in his hand, he inhaled. The mask was airtight, all right; it shrank in against his face. Logan released the hose.

Noncoms were yelling "Get down! Get down!," but by the time Logan had found cover and flopped they were crying "Fall in!" from the road. He picked his way back, wiping his muddy hands on his sleeves, breathing in great gulps, and trying to see through the clouded lenses of his mask.

A lieutenant came down the line, looking, beside the files of muddied men, young and fresh and on the ball. He wasn't wearing a mask. "Here's the problem, men," he said. "We're in pursuit of a numerically inferior enemy, and to delay our advance they've laid down mustard on the bridge up ahead. We have to decontaminate it before going on." He gestured. "That's what we're doing now. Of course, this is only simulated mustard, but we want you to do this right. Keep your masks on, and after you get through the shufflebox, double-time it across the bridge."

Oh, good, thought Logan, oh, swell. Double time.

The shufflebox was just a mixture of dirt and chloride of lime piled beside the road. John Logan shuffled his feet in it and then lumbered across the bridge. Noncoms at either end kept yelling, "Come on, come on, get on the ball, you guys. Close it up, goddam it, close it up!"

The bridge was not long, but when Logan reached the other side he was coughing and gulping for breath. He wanted to tear off the mask, to fill his choked lungs, but it was not until all the men were assembled on the other side that the order came to remove masks.

Logan pulled his off, dropped it over his shoulder, and drank in the wet air.

"Logan!" It was Corporal Redick. "Don't you know enough to test for gas before you take off your mask? What kind of a damned mojo are you? Put that damned mask on and test for gas."

Logan put the mask back on; he bent low and pulled the cheek flap away from his skin and sniffed gingerly. Then he removed the mask.

"All right," said Redick in a high, angry voice, "there's a ten-minute break."

Logan went instantly to a tree and sat down, resting the weight of his pack against it. Fessler joined him, and they lit cigarettes and took deep drags from them.

"Oh, God," said Fessler, "look at those bastards."

Logan turned his head and saw Colucci, Healy, and Daniels and some others, their young, flushed faces intent as they jumped back and forth across a wide, deep ditch. When one of them fell in, the others nearly died laughing.

"I guess that's what's known as animal spirits," said Logan. "At least it keeps them from playing tag and stepping all over us. That's what they usually do in a break."

"Here's Orcutt," said Fessler.

Orcutt, the only other soldier in the platoon who was their age, came up. His face, as usual, was set in lines of blind grievance. "That bastard Redick," he said.

"What did he do?" asked Logan.

"I mean the way he was yelling at you just now. Damn it, *you* ought to know what I mean! Do you know what he did before he came in the Army? He drove a milk truck, a god-damned milk truck. God, there's the Army for you; they look for the dumbest man in an outfit and put stripes on him."

Logan rubbed his neck. "Well, he was right—"

Orcutt wasn't listening. "Do you know what we're in?" he demanded. "We're in the god-damned infantry. And they told me in New York that this outfit had the stiffest intellectual requirements, next to the Air Corps." He looked around in a hot fury. "A depot company!" he said scornfully. "Like hell we're a depot company. We're the god-damned infantry, that's what we are."

"Basic training stinks everywhere," Fessler said.

"They're not going to keep me in it, I'll tell you that. When I think of some of the guys I know, sitting on their cans in New York and Washington with commissions—and I can name names and dates and places, too—"

"Here, Orcutt," said Logan, "have a cigarette before you split a gusset."

Orcutt stood up. "I don't have to be pushed around by any damned milk-wagon driver who gets a pair of stripes or be yelled at by wet-behind-the-ears lieutenants who'd be my clerks back in civilian life." He looked intently at Logan and Fessler. "I'll bet you, by God, I made more money than any bastard in this company—"

"Hell, man," said Fessler, "in the regiment."

"By God, I can prove it!"

"What difference does it make?" asked Logan. "We're all making the same now."

"Yes, goddam it, that's what Washington's trying to do to the whole country. Put us all on fifty dollars a month—"

"Fall in!" The command came sharply and Orcutt went off, still mumbling indignantly.

"God," said Logan, getting up, "the Army has certainly been a rude surprise to Orcutt."

"Yeah," said Fessler. "I guess he finds it too democratic, both with a small 'd' and a capital."

When they were lined up at attention, the lieutenant stood before them, his eyes on his wristwatch. He said, "At ease." Then, "It's five o'clock now. How many of you think we can be back in camp by six-fifteen?"

"How far is it?" asked Colucci.

"Between five and six miles. And standard infantry marching is two and a half miles an hour."

"Sure we can make it," said Colucci.

"Let's double-time in," said Daniels.

Logan looked back at him. "Don't be a chump, chump. He might take you seriously."

"Let him," said Daniels. "I can double-time as far and as long as any lieutenant."

THE following hour was nightmarish. There was double time twice and after each Logan thought he would cough out his lungs; each time the double time was halted just as he felt he could go no farther. For the rest, it was a quick-step march. Dry-mouthed and staring, Logan worked his legs in time with the man ahead of him. He cut his mind free to go back to Janet, to long Sunday breakfasts and Martinis before dinner and talk in the evenings with a highball in his hand.

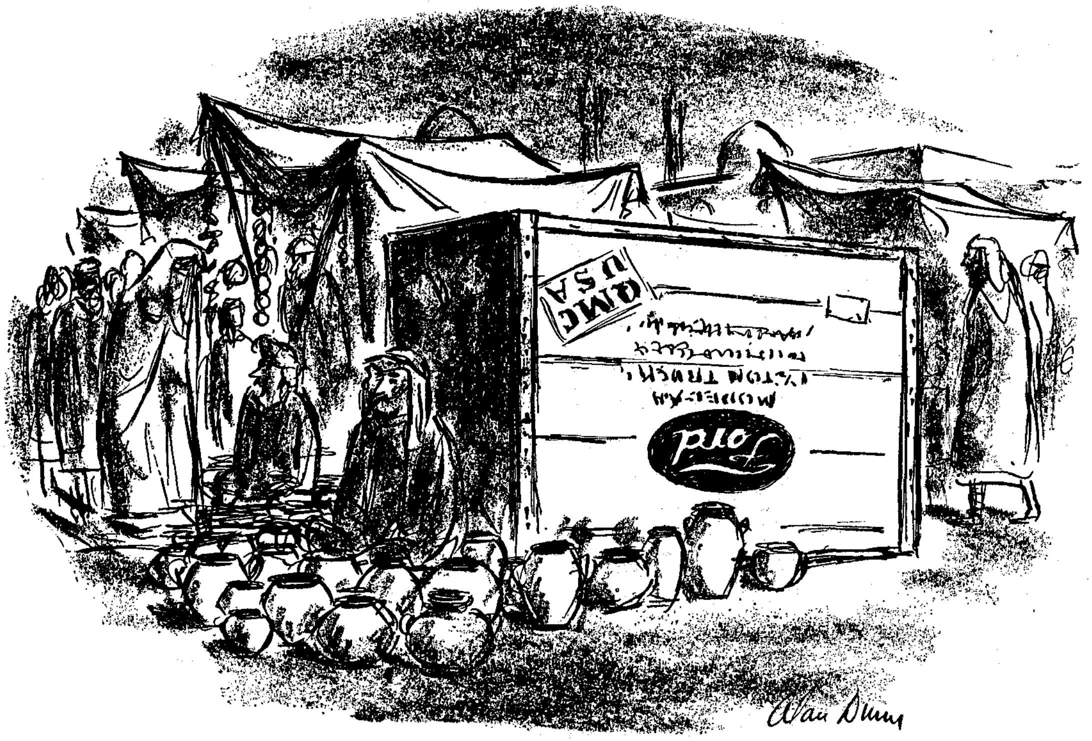
At the end of the hour they were crossing a red-and-yellow clay landscape, furrowed and eroded and gullied until it had a mad lunar quality.

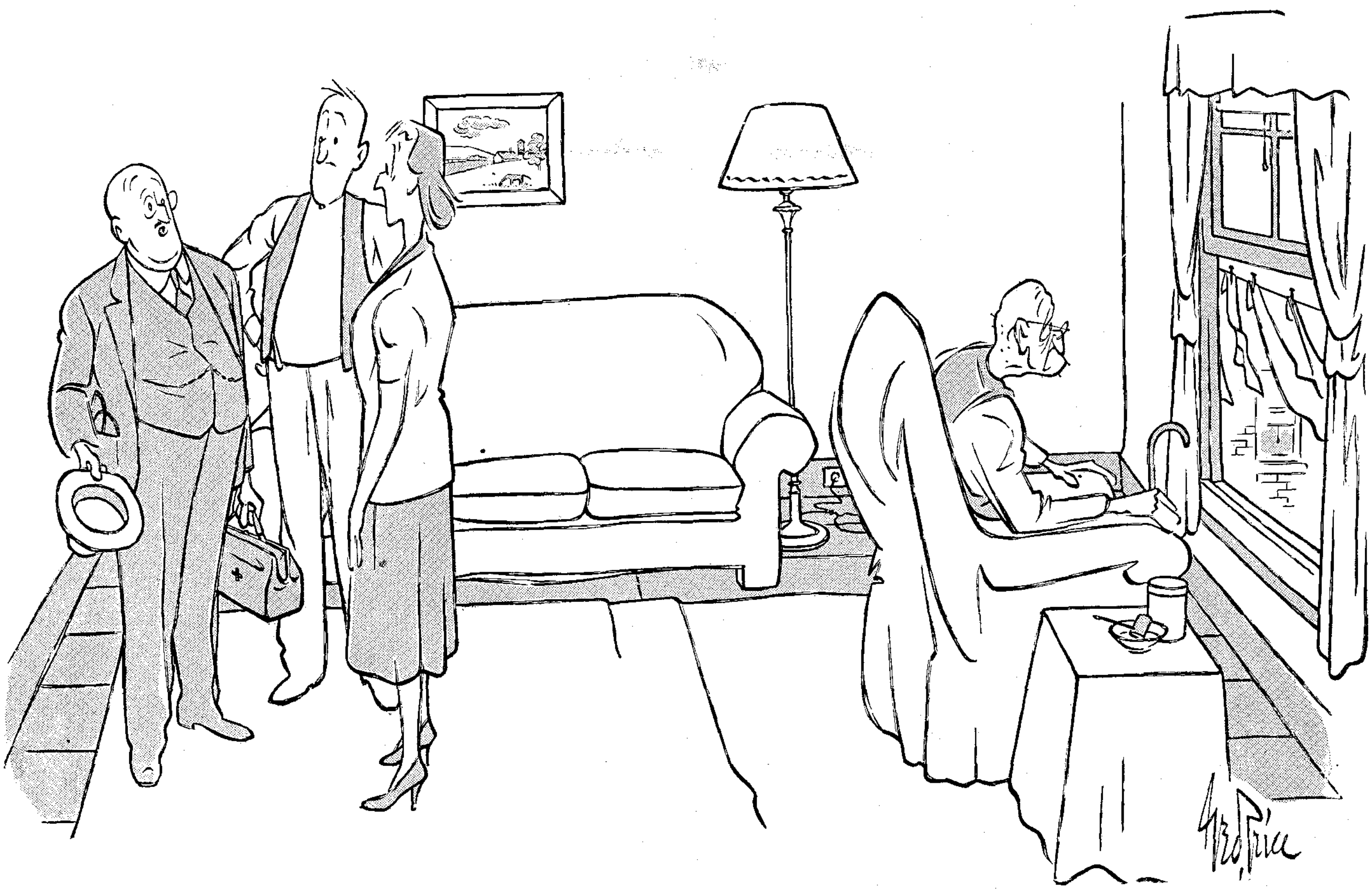
It's not far now, thought Logan. I *can make it now. We cross the canal* bridge, go through that mud patch, then onto the paved road. And the company area's only a little way then.

The command rang out, "Company . . . 'tention! Hup, two, three, four. Hup . . . hup . . ."

Logan was already wincing before the next command came: "Double time . . . march!"

They went forward clumsily, with a flopping and bumping of canteens and packs, an unevenness in the forward-streaming ranks. The files began to straggle as men slipped in the mud or jumped rain-strengthened freshets. One man went down ahead of Logan, his head banging the earth hard as though he had fallen with his hands tied; he tried to get up too quickly





“What he needs is a change of scene. Why don’t you move him to some other window?”

• •

and fell again, his face muddy and his eyes staring like those of a badly punched fighter. Gasping, Logan went around him; he had already lost ground and the first rank of the fourth platoon was right behind him. The noncoms had begun their frenzied baying: “Close it up! Close it up, damn it!” The men all jammed together at the narrow bridge and went across it in a jostling mob, plunging into the mud on the other side.

Logan gulped for air. The fourth platoon was upon him like wolves. He fell out of line and limped along, head down and gasping, holding one hand to his chest, as the company streamed past. Redick turned an exasperated face over a thin shoulder: “Come on, come on, you guys. Get the lead out of your tails. Come on, damn you.”

Logan made a gesture of impossibility and then the racking coughs hit him, and then the retching. When he straightened up and went on again, the company, its blue guidon jauntily at its head, was reforming on the paved highway. He saw that there were other stragglers, an Indian who had a bad knee, a fat fellow who always walked as though his feet hurt him, and the man who had fallen.

The company moved off along the road and then the command “Count cadence . . . count!” came back strongly as the lieutenant turned and marched backward to shout it down the column length. The company answered, young and full-throated: *“One, two, three, four! One, two, three, four!”*

Logan went after them at a jog that was slightly faster than a walk. There were barracks on either side of the road now, and soldiers in the company streets. Even the institutional monotony of building after building looked friendly in the rainy dusk. Lights shone inside them and men who had been to the PX stood in doorways eating ice cream and candy.

LOGAN caught the company as it was turning into the company street and hurried to join his platoon when they came to a halt.

Fessler gave way and asked, “You all right?”

Logan nodded and stared before him to where one of those noncom-and-officer conferences was going on. It’s over for another day, he thought. I’ve got through one more day. Maybe tomorrow I’ll be better, maybe I’ll lick this cold and the double time yet. He thought with longing of the dry barrack behind him, of warm if badly prepared and served food, of a hot shower and the grateful stretching-out of his body under the coarse G.I. blanket.

The first sergeant called “ ’Tention!,” and when they had stiffened in place and were staring straight ahead, he went on, “The company will fall out after chow wearing web belts and gas masks for night patrol operations. Platoon sergeants, dismiss your platoons.”

“Fall out,” said their sergeant, and the men broke up in a rush for the latrine and mess hall.

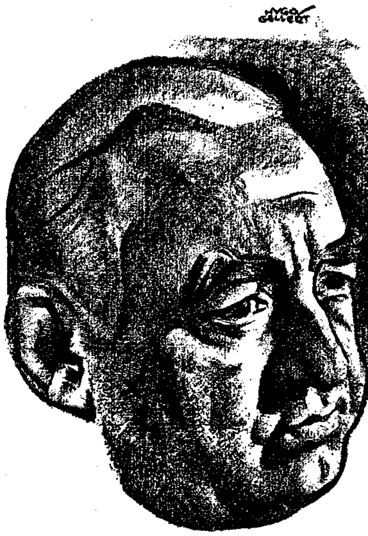
Logan watched them go, saw Daniels push Colucci and get tripped by Healy. He turned and walked after them, feeling bent and spavined, feeling like an old, old man.

—ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

•

Gould blood filled the chapel at St. Thomas’ Church yesterday as Gioia Barker, grand-daughter of the late George Jay Gould, became Mrs. William Henry Grimditch, Jr.—*Picture caption in the Mirror.*

Weddings are a mess, anyway.



PROFILES

PRIVATE DETECTIVE—I

RAYMOND C. SCHINDLER, head of the Schindler Bureau of Investigation, started out as an insurance agent in 1900 at the age of eighteen. By the end of a year he had earned $18, the commission on a policy sold to the proprietor of a music store in Alliance, Ohio. To show his appreciation, he spent all his time inciting the boys of Alliance to buy musical instruments. He organized bands and promoted musical contests. He was so eager to make his first client happy that he never thought of trying to find a second. The music store had a big year. Everybody was satisfied except Raymond's father, John F. Schindler, an insurance man, who was paying his son's bills. He thought the boy was wasting his time. The elder Schindler was not quite right about this. His son was unconsciously cultivating a talent for mixing, which became invaluable to him later, when he stumbled into the private-detective business.

The first problem of the private detective is that of becoming known. He has to get cases before he can solve them. The royal road to publicity is the federal service. Allan Pinkerton made his name a synonym for "detective" through his federal work during the Civil War. W. J. Burns became a national institution through his exploits in the Secret Service. The free advertising that goes with a federal job is not lavished on the unofficial investigator. Newspapers regard government men as gods and private detectives as devils. The latter seldom get any favorable publicity. The private detective rarely takes the witness stand to describe his exploits; the danger is too great that the opposing lawyer will win the case by shouting "Frameup." Friendly relations with the authorities are so important that when a private detective solves a case he generally lets the police take the credit. Under these circumstances a talent for mixing is almost indispensable to a confidential investigator. Schindler has been a private detective for thirty-seven years, but he is better known today as a man-about-town, party-giver, clubman, and all-around New York character. He has been president of the Adventurers' Club of New York and of the Executives' Association of Greater New York as well as president of the International Investigators. The talent for mixing comes natural to him, and it helps business. Friends refer clients to him. The amateur-detective instinct often inspires them to play small parts in Schindler's arrangements for catching transgressors. Also, they act as a flesh-and-blood reference library of enormous range. He can make a short cut to almost any form of knowledge by a telephone call. The ability to round up gossip and information promptly is a considerable asset to a private detective.

The whodunits always miss the point. They treat the private-detective business as the art of catching murderers, whereas it is primarily the art of getting clients. Mystery-writers never pattern their heroes after the masters of the craft, the solid businessmen who have built up large organizations. Those who have made successes in this difficult calling are neither insufferable pedants like Peter Wimsey and Ellery Queen nor inspired gargoyles like Poirot and Nero Wolfe. Erle Stanley Gardner's character Paul Drake is one fictional private detective who acts as if he earned his living at the business. He has something like a professional command of sources of information. He gets hard assignments and executes them as a matter of course. There is a true-to-life touch in the fact that Paul Drake solves most mysteries for his boss, Perry Mason, and Mason takes the credit. A talent for mixing is all that Drake needs in order to tower over Mason.

Back in 1900 John F. Schindler did not perceive that his son was laying the foundation for success by practicing gregariousness in Alliance. Fearing that the boy would spend the rest of his life heaping gratitude on his only client, the elder Schindler gave the youngster another start in life, this time selling typewriters in Pittsburgh. Raymond flourished in the new line. Representing one of the old "invisible" typewriters, he argued convincingly that an invisible was better than a visible because typists became nervous and inaccurate when they could see what they wrote. He sold so many machines that in two years he had a nest egg of $2,400, saved out of his commissions. He invested the $2,400 in Sky High, a gold-mining property in Sierra County, California, about seventy miles northeast of Marysville. Arriving there on skis in December, 1902, he bossed the work of driving a tunnel into a mountain. Money ran out in the spring of 1903 and the project was abandoned. Failure trebled the young man's enthusiasm. He became a gold-fever Typhoid Mary, infecting his father and friends with the craze. They raised $80,000 for a hydraulic-mining venture. With the help of three hundred Chinese, Raymond began washing down a mountain near Scales, California, with gigantic fire hoses. Just as he struck pay gravel, the government stopped all hydraulic mining.

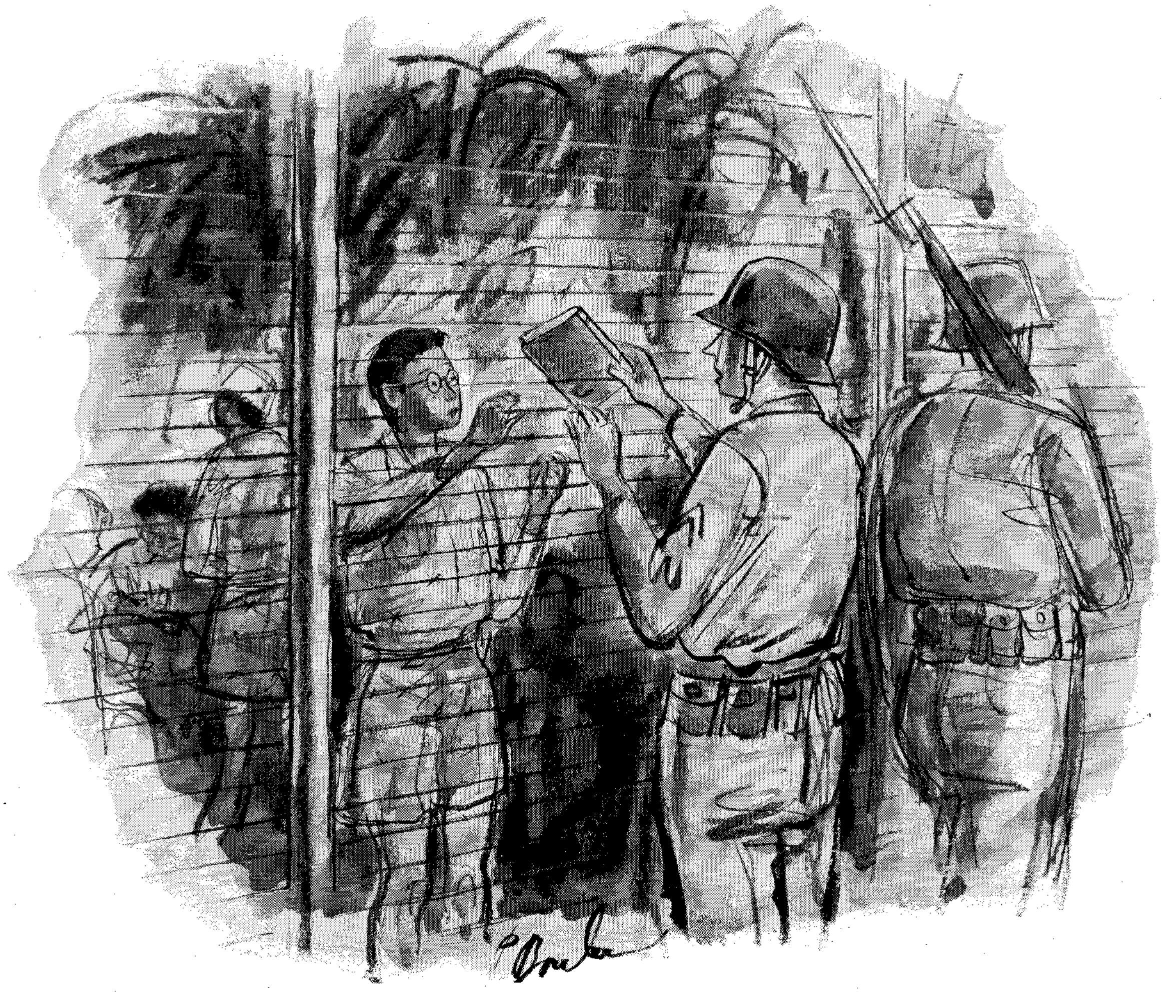
Leaving Scales, the disillusioned miner arrived in San Francisco on April 19, 1906, the day after the big earthquake. There he became a detective in the belief that he was becoming a historian. One of the leaflet-sized newspapers published after the quake contained an advertisement by the G. Franklin McMacken Historical Society for college graduates to do historical research. Schindler, although only a high-school graduate, applied and was hired. The historical work consisted in finding out how much damage the quake had done to buildings before the flames completed the destruction. Schindler regarded himself as a scholar for two weeks and then discovered that he was a dick. The learned McMacken was a New York detective who had been hired by insurance companies to convince the courts that while San Francisco had been incidentally singed in the disaster, the real destruction had been caused by an act of God, for which it would be impious to ask the underwriters to pay.

After a few weeks on salary, Schindler changed to a piecework basis. He did big buildings for $400 apiece, each job complete with photographs and affidavits. The New York detective was recalled before long by the insurance companies, and Schindler, at the age of twenty-four, became the G. Franklin McMacken Historical Society. The historical data had been gathered in vain. The judges laughed off the act-of-God theory. Most of the insurance had been written by foreign companies, principally German. The courts held that the San Franciscans were right on every point and the foreigners wrong on every point. Schindler's prowess as an investigator had attracted attention, however. Hiram Johnson, then a leading San Francisco lawyer, hired him to do a little historical research on a blackmail case. Schindler rendered a bill for $50; Hiram Johnson gave him a check for $500 and a valuable lecture on not underestimating his services.

IN 1907, on Johnson's recommendation, Schindler became the chief lieutenant of William J. Burns in the investigation of graft in San Francisco under the Ruef-Schmitz regime. Burns, who was then in the United States Secret Service, was lent to San Francisco by Theodore Roosevelt. The President took this action after the graft in San Francisco had been described to him by Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Eugene Schmitz, a union musician, was the mayor, but the city was ruled by Abe Ruef, known as the Curly Boss. Schmitz had been elected by the Labor Union Party, but itching palms were soon substituted for horny hands. As if by magic, the city government was taken away from the startled sons of toil and operated by a combination of thieving public utilities and thieving politicians. Nearly everybody doing business in San Francisco discovered that the only way to avoid trouble was to obtain legal advice from Abe Ruef and to pay fees in cash for it. Every few days Ruef would call at the Schmitz home and dump gold and greenbacks into a window seat like the one in which the dead bodies are kept in "Arsenic and Old Lace." The black art of local government had reached its perfection when Burns arrived.

Burns had just won national acclaim by sending a United States senator and thirty-two other men to jail for stealing millions of dollars' worth of Oregon timberland from the United States by frauds perpetrated on the Department of the Interior. The Secret Service agent was a handsome, red-faced man with an iron jaw and glaring eyes. He wore a deerstalker cap, like Sherlock Holmes, and a nasturtium-colored mustache, which he did up nightly in curlpapers. Because newspaper photography was then in its infancy, he was able to settle down in San Francisco almost unnoticed. Burns left the business of organizing his staff to Schindler, who hired many of his old colleagues of the G. Franklin McMacken Historical Society.

After Schindler's historians had formed a library of biography on the legion of grafters, Burns set up a dummy oil company headed by a decoy, or "roper." The roper took options on part of the San Francisco waterfront where the storage of oil was forbidden by a city ordinance. He then saw Big Jim Gallagher, the ruling spirit of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, about changing the ordinance. It developed that the roper's corporation would make about a million dollars if an amendment were passed permitting oil storage on the optioned properties. Gallagher estimated that the amendment would cost $150,000. This was the normal rate; grafting officials figured on only fifteen per cent commission on the money they stole for corporations. The roper agreed on the price but hesitated to make a down payment. He pointed out that he would make a fool of himself in the eyes of his New York office if he bought a law and failed to obtain delivery. Gallagher asserted that he had never sold a law without delivering it and referred the roper to a long list of satisfied customers. He called fellow-supervisors to corroborate him. Disturbed at having their reliability questioned, they cited case after case in which they had furnished the legisla-



"I don't know if you'll like it or not. It's called '*See Here, Private Hargrove.*'"

tive goods as soon as the cash was laid on the barrelhead. The dummy oil official introduced other dummy oil officials to the supervisors. Burns's men were soon dining at the supervisors' homes. Finally a down payment of $15,000 was made in the roper's office in greenbacks punctured with needles. Gallagher was arrested as he left the office. Under the wild-boar eye of W. J. Burns, he broke down and confessed almost uninterruptedly for thirty-six hours. He then called in fellow-grafters and explained the advantage of getting their confessions in early. A majority of the supervisors confessed. Ruef, Schmitz, and many others were arrested. With its government behind the bars, San Francisco was run by a court-appointed receiver.

The trapping of crooks by a roper is loosely described as a frameup. Schindler prefers the term "setup." The setup is rarely made the chief basis of a graft prosecution, because it enables the defense lawyer to cry like Niobe over how the little grafter had always been known as Incorruptible Ira until he was tempted by the bad man. The setup is used to demoralize the victim and get him to sign a general confession. There was no need to prosecute for the sale of the new oil-storage law, as the roped officials furnished evidence of an abundance of crimes of spontaneous origin. Ruef pleaded guilty. On second thought, he changed his plea to not guilty. It took three months to select twelve men to try him. Schindler's greatest labor in San Francisco was preventing the grafters from fixing the jury. He and his operatives assembled the life history of each of twenty-four hundred men who were to be examined for jury duty. The detectives at first pretended to be engaged in historical work. They explained to prospective jurors that the eyes of posterity were on San Francisco and that future generations would want to know all about every man who played a part in these stirring events, so that the libraries of the world would be filled with handsomely bound editions of the lives and opinions of the prospective jurymen. The friends and families of the men on the jury panel were approached by swarms of Schindler's Herodotuses. The ablest historians were those who reached the children of the jurors and asked, "What does Papa say?" The other side got up its own historical society, which made scholarly efforts to tamper with the testimony of the prosecution's witnesses.

Before long a historian was about as welcome in San Francisco as a mad dog. Schindler then formed the San Francisco Improvement Club, a dummy organization ostensibly opposed to the graft prosecutions. His operatives solicited members and asked them to sign cards which said that the prosecutions were hurting business. This ingenious device for scraping a conversation with a stranger was used on the neighbors of prospective jurors. Schindler suffered a serious setback when the defense bought copies of the biographies of the jurors from Burns's secretary for $1,500. The documents were traced to the safe of the president of a streetcar company. Schindler obtained them with the help of a search warrant and a safe-cracker, but three hundred men from the carbarns rushed into the president's office as he completed the task. Unable to carry the literature away, he threw it out the window, where it was picked up by an associate. Schindler was indicted for burglary, on a charge made by the utility president, who denied hav-

WHAT IS LOVE?

(THE ANSWER, AS SUPPLIED BY BARTLETT'S "FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS," ELEVENTH EDITION, TOGETHER WITH OTHER, LESS DEFINITIVE REMARKS ON THE SUBJECT OF LOVE FROM THE SAME VOLUME. NUMBERS REFER TO PAGES.)

Love is the jewel that wins the world (840).
Love is the lord and slave of all (559).
Love is a mood (718), is like the meazles (518).
Love is the robe and love is the pall (559).

Love can scarce deserve the name (355),
The love that never falters (747).
Love hath no physic (922). Love is a flame (833).
Love is not love which alters (108).

Love from whom the world begun (669)
Is like a landscape (127). Love is blind (7, 45).
Love is Nature's second sun (28).
Love's but a frailty of the mind (193).

Free as air (216), Love is a sickness (30).
Love can tell and love alone (669).
Love is like a dizziness (294).
Love can never lose its own (444).

They sin who tell us love can die (322),
The love that stands the test (747).
Love is an Art (670). Love endures no tie (176).
Love seldom haunts the breast (217).

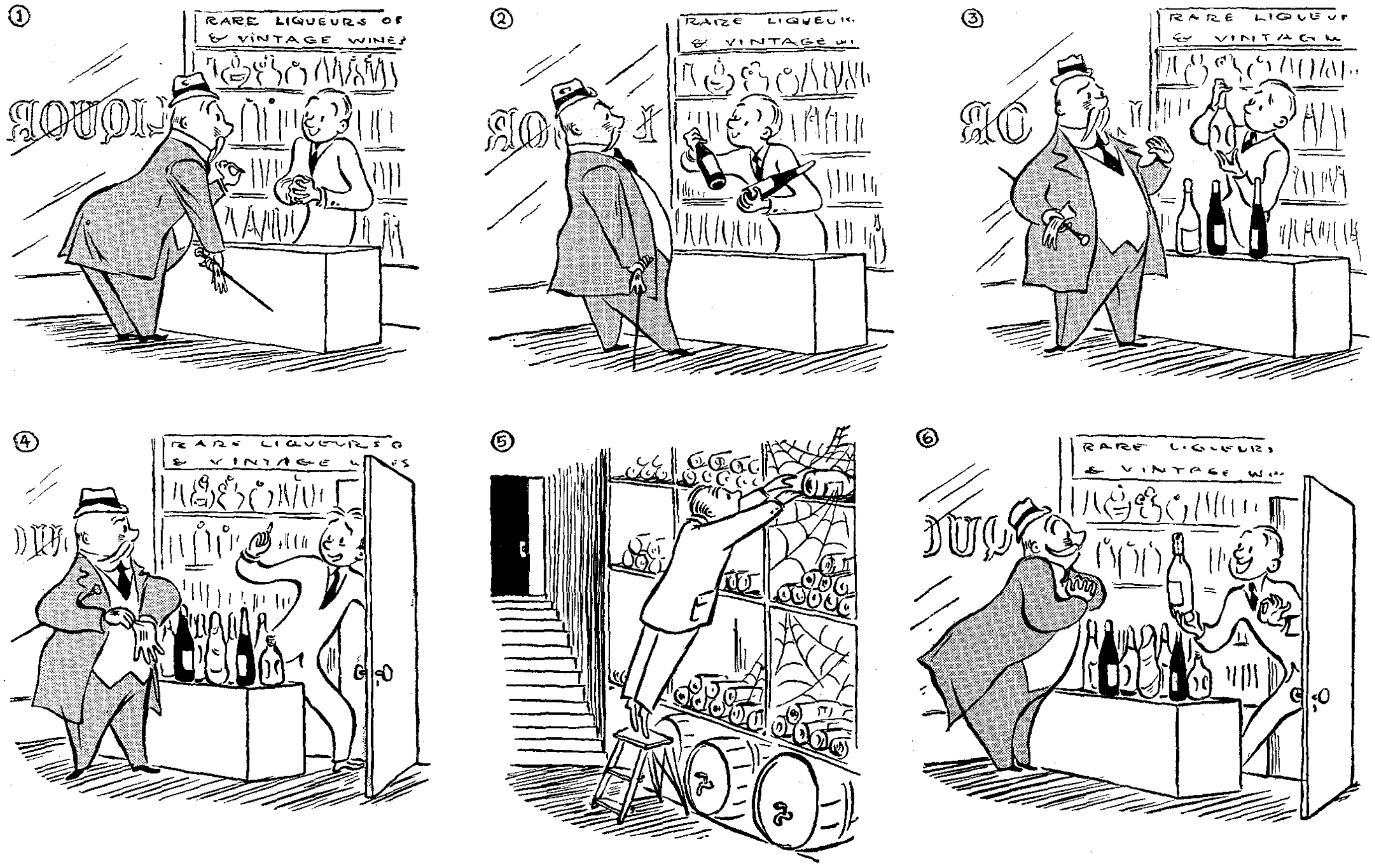
Love is the enchanted dawn (1065).
Love can hold with twined thread (125).
Love is flowerlike (317). Love is a kiss (711).
Love false or true (790) may lift his head (696).

Love has never known a law (443).
Tender love's repaid with scorn (269).
Love should mend and sew no more (912),
For love is doomed to mourn (395).

Love which greybeards call divine (71)
Gilds the scene (278), is sweet for a day (631).
O Love! O Fire! (462) Alas for lovers (759),
They conquer love that run away (141)!

—WILLIAM COLEMAN

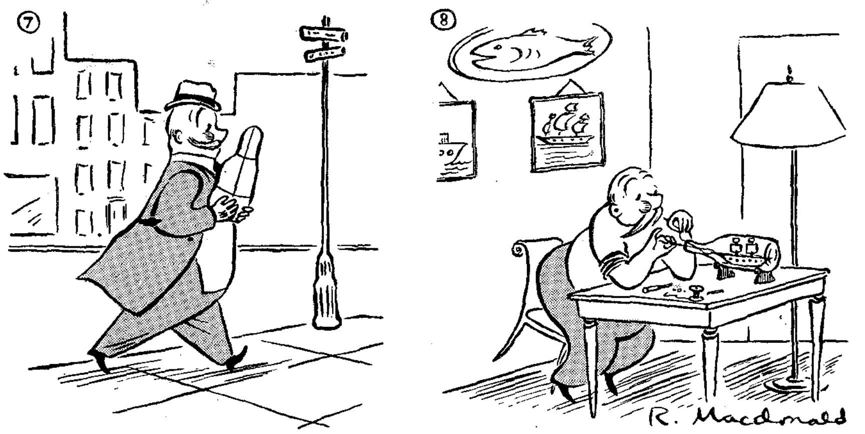
• •


①
RARE LIQUEURS OF VINTAGE WINES
②
③
④
⑤
⑥

ing stolen all of the documents in the safe. It was one of those indictments which make the headlines in early extras and then die in the files.

It would be impossible to do a monumental work of this kind now. Judges won't allow a Macaulay or a Mommsen to go near a prospective juryman today. In 1928 Burns was roughly educated to the change in the times when he was sent to jail for assigning men to shadow the jurors in the Teapot Dome trial of Harry F. Sinclair.

One surefire vote for acquittal almost got through Schindler's net. This was a man named Morris Haas, whose pretense of ignorance about any aspect of the case recommended him to Francis J. Heney, a famous Department of Justice attorney lent by Theodore Roosevelt to prosecute the graft cases. After Haas had been accepted, Schindler's investigators found that he had served time for embezzlement. Haas was so offended by the exposure that he shot Heney in the neck in the courtroom, putting him in the hospital for months. Hiram Johnson then stepped into the case, convicted Ruef, and started on his long political career. Mayor Schmitz and a few others followed Ruef to jail, but San Francisco had grown tired of the uproar and excitement. It was like having a Mardi Gras going on without interruption for two years. The issues became magnificently confused. The California courts fought to the last ditch of pedantry. They regarded the greatest municipal cleanup since the days of Tweed as a big spelling match or punctuation bee and reversed conviction after conviction on quaint points of philology. The Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights received the workout of the century in behalf of the utility chiefs, the big lawyers, and other fountainheads of corruption. Press, pulpit, and soapbox lost themselves in a fog on such issues as whether important rascals should be convicted on the testimony of unimportant rascals and whether it was fair to send some grafters to jail while others escaped. Many San Franciscans still have split personalities because during their most impressionable years half the brains of the city were busy proving that black was white. Fremont Older, who started the whole crusade, became so tangled up in the prevailing sophistries that he was soon crusading to turn Ruef loose.



Burns, who had resigned his government post, capitalized on his fame by opening a national detective agency in 1909. Schindler organized the New York office and became its manager.

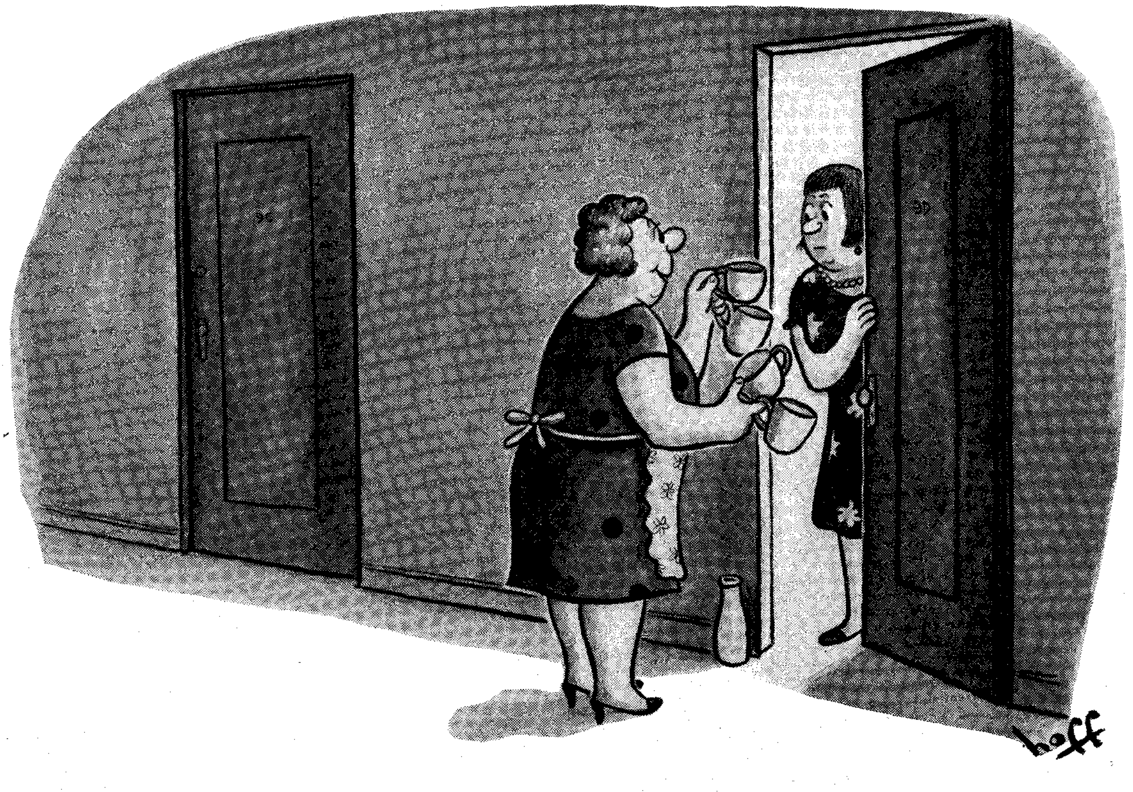
Detective fiction gives the impression that a private detective is perpetually cracking murder mysteries, but actually only rare cases are handled by unofficial investigators. The police of the big cities usually have good homicide bureaus. Schindler did not get his first chance at a capital crime until 1911, when he was called in to investigate the killing of ten-year-old Marie Smith at Asbury Park. Dorothy Dix, who covered the trial of the murderer for one of the newspapers, wrote that Schindler solved the case by "the finest piece of detective work in American history." Schindler was more of a playwright than a detective on this assignment. The chief suspect became the leading character in a lurid melodrama which Schindler wrote around him. There was no conclusive evidence against the man. The only hope of convicting him was to get a confession, so he was steered into a series of theatrical situations for the purpose of working on his conscience. He lived in an environment of stage business. In addition to dramatic inventions of his own, Schindler built soul-stabbing scenes on ideas borrowed from Shakespeare, Arthur Conan Doyle, Professor Hugo Münsterberg, and W. J. Burns.

Schindler was hired to investigate the murder by Clarence Hetrick, a wealthy citizen of Asbury Park. A Negro called Black Diamond, with a long criminal record, had been indicted for the crime on fairly strong circumstantial evidence. Hetrick felt that Black Diamond was being railroaded. Marie Smith had been killed on her way home from school. Black Diamond had been seen in the vicinity with a hatchet and a bottle of whiskey. He had been hired to chop kindling at a house near the scene of the murder but had failed to make his appearance there. His explanation was that he got tired on the way to work, sat down on a log, finished the bottle of whiskey, and went to sleep. A jilted sweetheart of Black Diamond's told the police that he had incriminated himself in talks with her. Feeling ran high. On one occasion a crowd gathered at the jail and talked of a lynching.

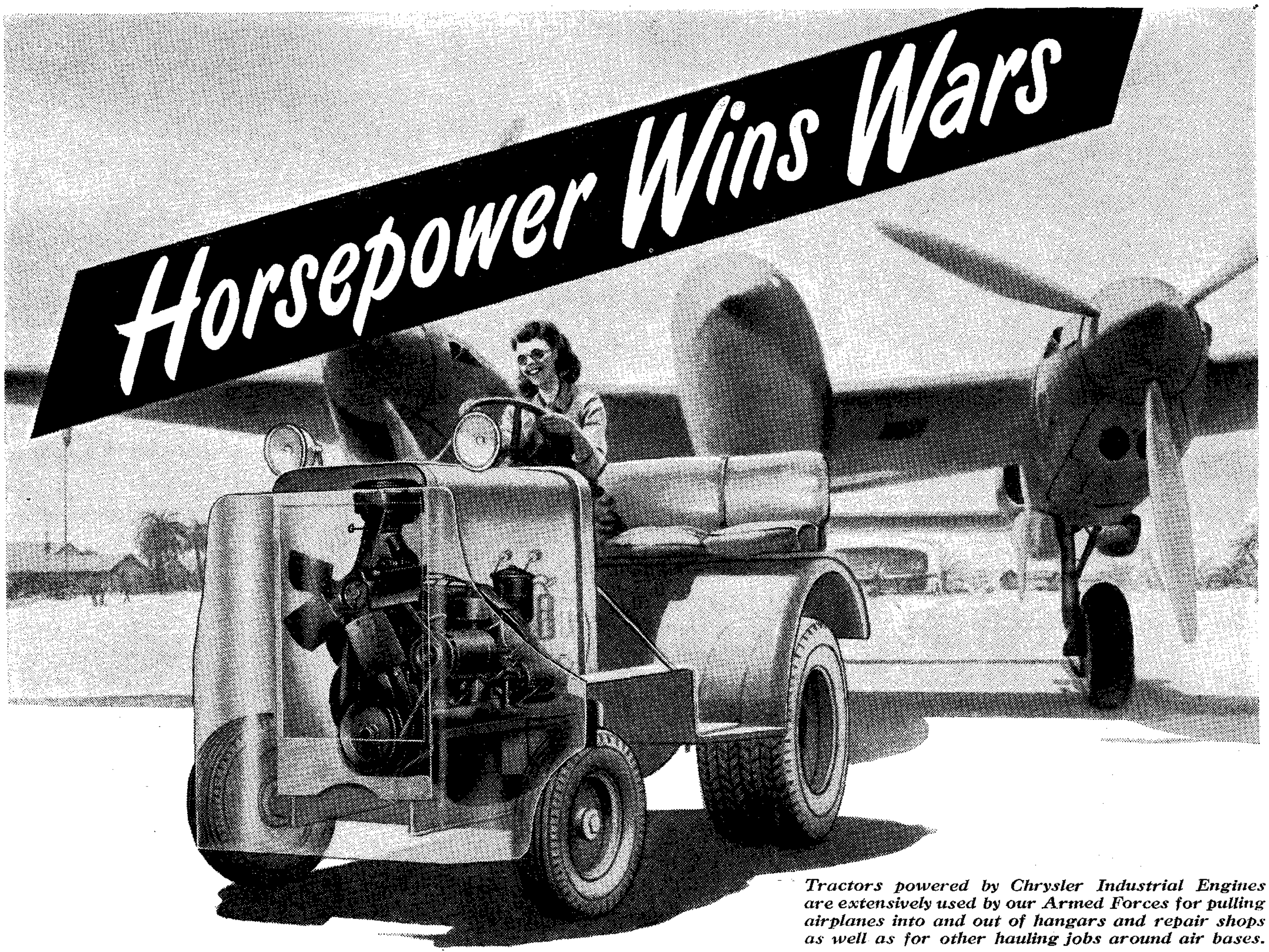
Schindler's first investigation indicated that there had been seven persons, including Black Diamond, in the vicinity when the crime was committed. He assigned a detective to each. One of the seven suspects was a woman who was devoted to the occult sciences. Schindler arranged with the Asbury Park newspaper to print one copy with a fake advertisement announcing that the great Mme. Sagacita, clairvoyant and astrologer, would give readings at the Hotel Monterey. This copy was delivered at the house of the woman suspect. She consulted Mme. Sagacita. The two struck up an intimate friendship. In her trances the clairvoyant, a New York fortune-teller temporarily attached to Schindler's staff, began to see things vaguely related to the killing. She spent three weekends in confidential conversations with the client. The result was negative and the woman was eliminated from the list of suspects.

In the meantime Schindler had planted a Negro detective in the cell with Black Diamond. They held confessing bees, each topping the other in tales of his crimes, but Black Diamond manifested a clear conscience on the Marie Smith murder. Four of the five other suspects were quickly eliminated. The only one left on the list was Frank Heideman, an employee of a florist in Asbury Park. He had lived there for three years. Nothing to his discredit was known there. Schindler first gave Heideman the Hound of the Baskervilles treatment. Heideman kept a police dog chained outside his house at night. Remembering the emotional disturbances caused by the Baskerville animal, the detective decided to make the police dog howl for Heideman's benefit. It was a naïve amateur notion that might not have occurred to Schindler if his imagination had been disciplined by professional experience in solving murders. He didn't hope that the suspect could be howled into a confession, but he thought that if Heideman were guilty the bloodcurdling barking act on a regular nightly schedule might cause him to leave the vicinity and expose himself to Schindler's operatives. At precisely one o'clock every morning a Schindler man crept up to Heideman's home and threw rocks at the dog. The dog played its part to the hilt. After ten nights of it, Heideman made an excuse to his employer for taking the day off. Leaving two weeks' salary and most of his clothes and other belongings behind, he quit Asbury Park for good.

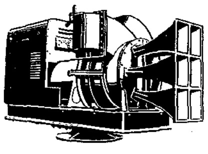
Heideman was shadowed to New York, where he took a room in a cheap hotel. He had soon established a daily routine, part of which was to go to a small German restaurant at eight-thirty, twelve-thirty, and six-thirty every day. He was so punctual that watches could be set by him. Schindler assigned Carl Neumeister, a German detective, to "rope" Heideman. Neumeister was instructed to go to the restaurant every day at eight o'clock, twelve o'clock, and six o'clock, so that he would be about through eating when Heideman arrived. He was instructed not to open a conversation with Heideman. He was not even in-



"We seem to be out of just everything."



Tractors powered by Chrysler Industrial Engines are extensively used by our Armed Forces for pulling airplanes into and out of hangars and repair shops as well as for other hauling jobs around air bases.



Chrysler Air Raid Siren

MILITARY victories culminate on the field of battle. They begin at the forge, the factory, the shipyard, and on the farm.

Thus the horsepower that contributes to the efficiency of war-time manufacture, agriculture or essential construction is contributing to victory just as surely as that which motivates actual fighting units.

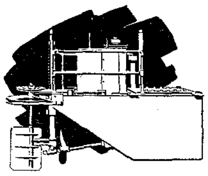
The Chrysler Division, Chrysler Corporation, contributes horsepower both to the fighting and to the preparations for fighting. Its industrial engines are being applied to more than a score of essential uses directly connected with the war effort.

Among these uses are to furnish power for airport tractors, airport gang mowers, arc welders used in many kinds of construction, generator sets for firing cannon, industrial lift trucks, emergency fire-pumpers, air raid sirens, air compressors for a variety of uses, farm tractors, farm combines, mechanical shovels and buses.

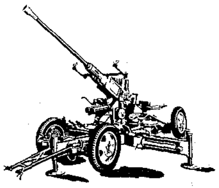
In some cases, the United States Government is specifying Chrysler Industrial engines as the power plants in equipment it orders. They are meeting the drastic requirements of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guards, O.C.D. and O.D.T. for all kinds of service at home and abroad.

Power, flexibility, and smoothness are combined in these engines. Their Super-finished parts insure long life and economy of operation under the most exacting conditions of widely diversified programs.

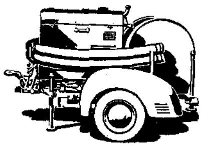
Chrysler tank, automobile and marine engines by the thousands also are playing an important part in our vast war-time transportation.



Chrysler Marine Tractor

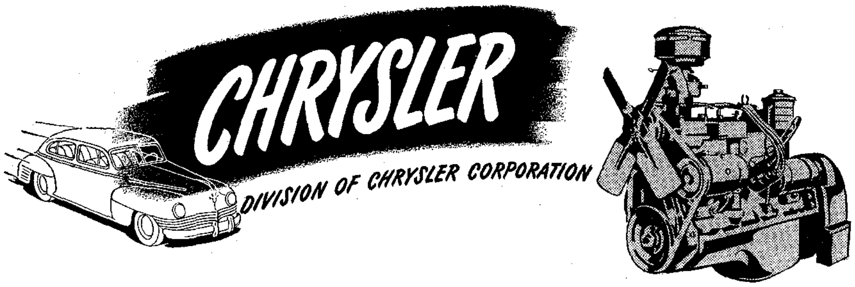


Bofors Anti-Aircraft Gun



Chrysler Fire Pumper

[BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS]

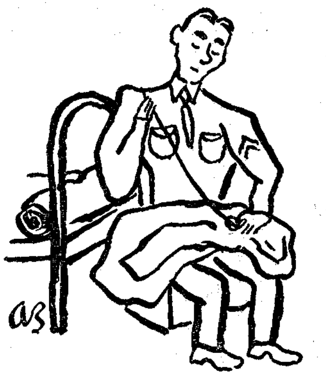


WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION: Industrial Engines · Marine Engines · Marine Tractors
Navy Pontoons · Airplane Wing Panels · Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts · Tank Engine Assemblies · Tank Parts
Harbor Tugs · Fire Fighting Equipment · Air Raid Sirens · Gun Boxes · Searchlight Reflectors

THE NATIONWIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WARTIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

formed of the suspicions against the Asbury Park man. The roper's assignment was to allow a friendship to develop casually, letting Heideman make the first move, and then to get on confidential terms with the man and report whatever he did or said. The purpose of keeping the roper in ignorance was to insure against overeagerness. Having nothing on his mind, the detective could talk freely and naturally, with a minimum danger of alarming his quarry.

The roper was reading the *Staats-Zeitung* in the restaurant one morning when Heideman took a seat at his table and asked if there was any news. The roper replied that there was nothing of interest. Without saying anything further, he paid his bill and left. A day or two later Heideman again took a seat at the roper's table and started a conversation. A friendship rapidly developed. In a short time the two men were spending hours together, playing pinochle and chess. Before long they were rooming together. In order to account for his leisure, the detective said he was waiting for an estate to be wound up in Germany so that he would have money to invest in a florist shop in California; in the meantime he was receiving $75 a week from the estate. One day the roper casually took his new friend to the Coal and Iron National Bank. They dropped in and had a chat with Henry Dorgeloh, vice-president of the bank, who handed the roper a check for $75. Dorgeloh was a friend of Schindler's. Schindler was already using acquaintances for little touches of authenticity in the backgrounds of his setups.



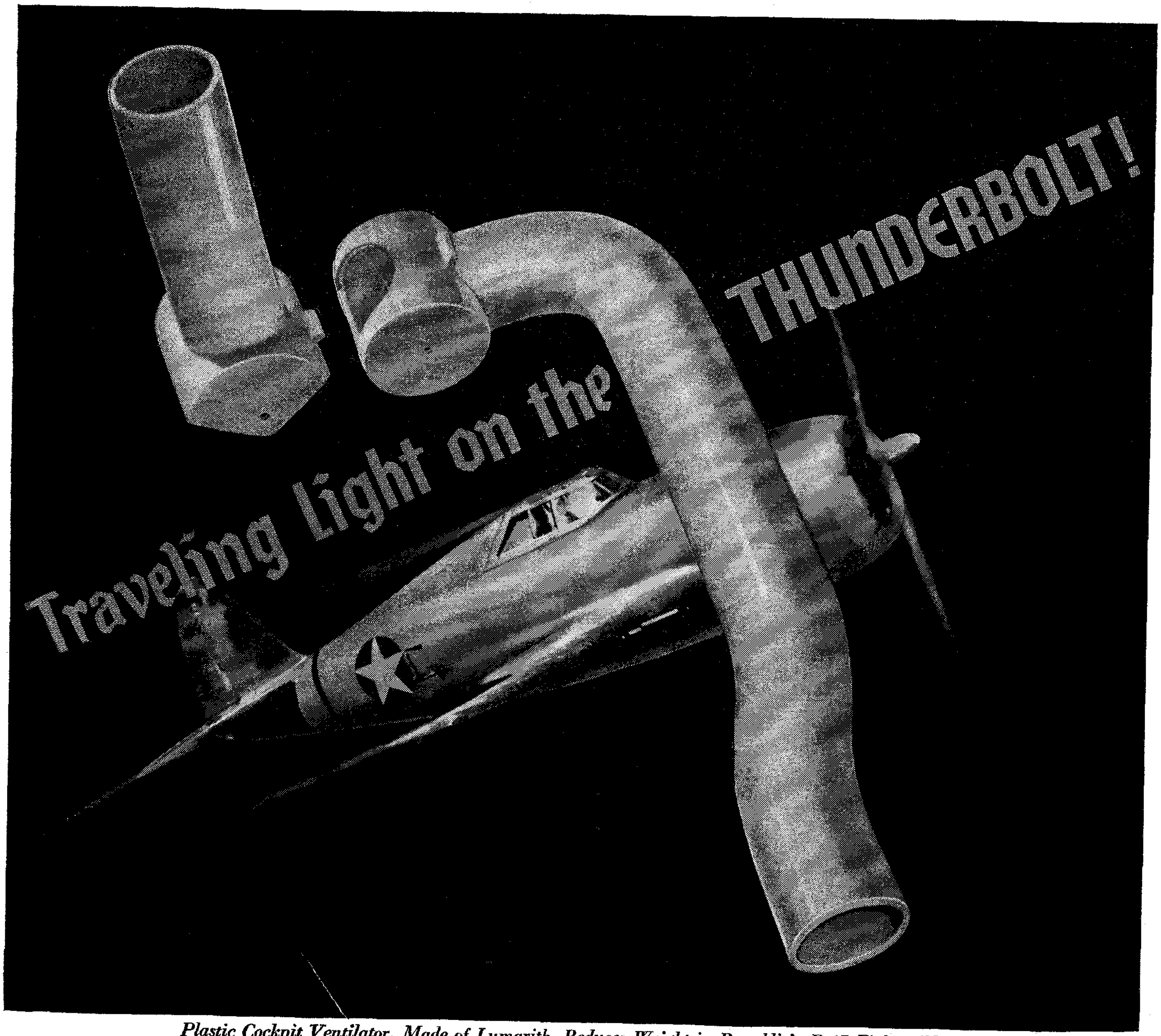
Schindler had been reading about Professor Hugo Münsterberg's spymograph, which recorded fluctuations in blood pressure from second to second. Employed by the police on suspects, it registered fantastic rises in pressure when questions alarmed them and quick returns to normal when the questions were reassuring. There was no way of getting Heideman to sit for a spymograph experiment. Schindler groped for some other experiment that would startle the man's conscience into some public manifestation of guilt. He hit on the device used by Hamlet to catch the conscience of the King. There was an outcry in the press at the time over the crime two-reelers which were being imported from Italy. From a rich assortment of horror films, Schindler picked a particularly brutal picture showing a man killing a little girl and paid $80 to have it exhibited in a neighborhood theatre. The roper took Heideman. Eight or ten persons were planted in nearby seats as so many Horatios to observe the effect of the scene on the suspect. As in the case of Hamlet's uncle, Heideman reacted very definitely. He got up and left the theatre, saying that he was sick. He walked back and forth along the street for two hours before he calmed down sufficiently to return to his room. The only effect of the episode, however, was to strengthen Schindler's belief that he was pursuing the right man. The legal case against Heideman was still zero. In a way, the experiment was too heroic, as the average Italian picture of that period might have made anybody sick. However, the incident in the movie theatre gave the roper an inkling of the nature of the crime of which Heideman was suspected.

Heideman and the roper came to the understanding that the roper would take Heideman with him to California when he was ready to open the florist shop. Heideman described his experiences as a florist in various places, but never mentioned Asbury Park. In casual discussions he talked about every phase of his life except the three years in Asbury Park. This fact had no value as evidence, but it was significant. In the hope of forcing Asbury Park into the conversation, Schindler got Herman Ridder, publisher of the *Staats-Zeitung*, to print an item from Asbury Park on the front page. This stated that Heideman had left work, intending to stay away for a few days while recovering from a cold, but had now been missing for a month. His employer, Max Kruska, the item added, feared he had met with foul play. Reading the *Staats-Zeitung* one morning, the roper exclaimed, "Here's your name in the paper." Heideman became agitated, but he calmed down when he found nothing alarming in the item. He then mentioned the murder for the first time, saying that it had upset him so much that he couldn't bear to live in Asbury Park, even though the murderer, Black Diamond, had been caught. He told one significant lie; he said he had lived in Asbury Park only three weeks.

At this point Schindler took a leaf from W. J. Burns's book. When Ruef was in custody in San Francisco, Burns had a guard awaken the Curly Boss from time to time to tell him he was shouting in his sleep. The guard would pretend to repeat a few words which were meaningless but which caused Ruef to believe that he was shouting his guiltiest secrets. Fearing that he was losing his mind, the boss confessed. Schindler had the roper try the same act on Heideman night after night, but it produced no useful results.

The investigation had now been going on for two months without uncovering any legal evidence. Fear of failure on his first murder case made Schindler, still a mad amateur, invent another wild melodrama. He had the roper find a pretext for taking Heideman on an automobile ride into Westchester County. After a plausible background had been constructed, the roper got into a row with a stranger on a lonely road. The stranger drew a knife. The roper drew a revolver and shot a blank cartridge at him. The stranger fell on his face. The roper and Heideman jumped into the car and hurried back to New York. The next day the roper showed Heideman a copy of the Yonkers *Herald*. It had a front-page story of the shooting, saying that the stranger had died of his wound and that the murderer was being sought. Frank Xavier, editor of the paper, had printed the item in one copy of the paper at the request of Schindler's friend Lee Parsons Davis, then District Attorney of Westchester County. The roper fled to Atlantic City, taking Heideman with him. They talked continually about the Westchester crime, but this didn't lead Heideman to discuss the Asbury Park murder.

Schindler bought a steamship ticket to Germany for the roper, who practiced throwing his coat on the back of his chair in such a way that the ticket would become visible as if by accident. It was hoped the discovery that the roper seemed about to flee would bring on an emotional scene and cause Heideman to open up. In the meantime Hetrick, the financier of the investigation, had become discouraged. The detective bill had passed $6,000 and Hetrick was unwilling to invest any more money in the case. Schindler and Hetrick called on District Attorney John Applegate of Asbury Park, who was busy with preparations for the prosecution of Black Diamond. The prosecutor was sure that he himself had the right man and that he had an overwhelming case against him. He was reluctant to listen to Schindler at all. He exploded when the detective



Plastic Cockpit Ventilator, Made of Lumarith, Reduces Weight in Republic's P-47 Fighter Plane

Lumarith* saves weight!

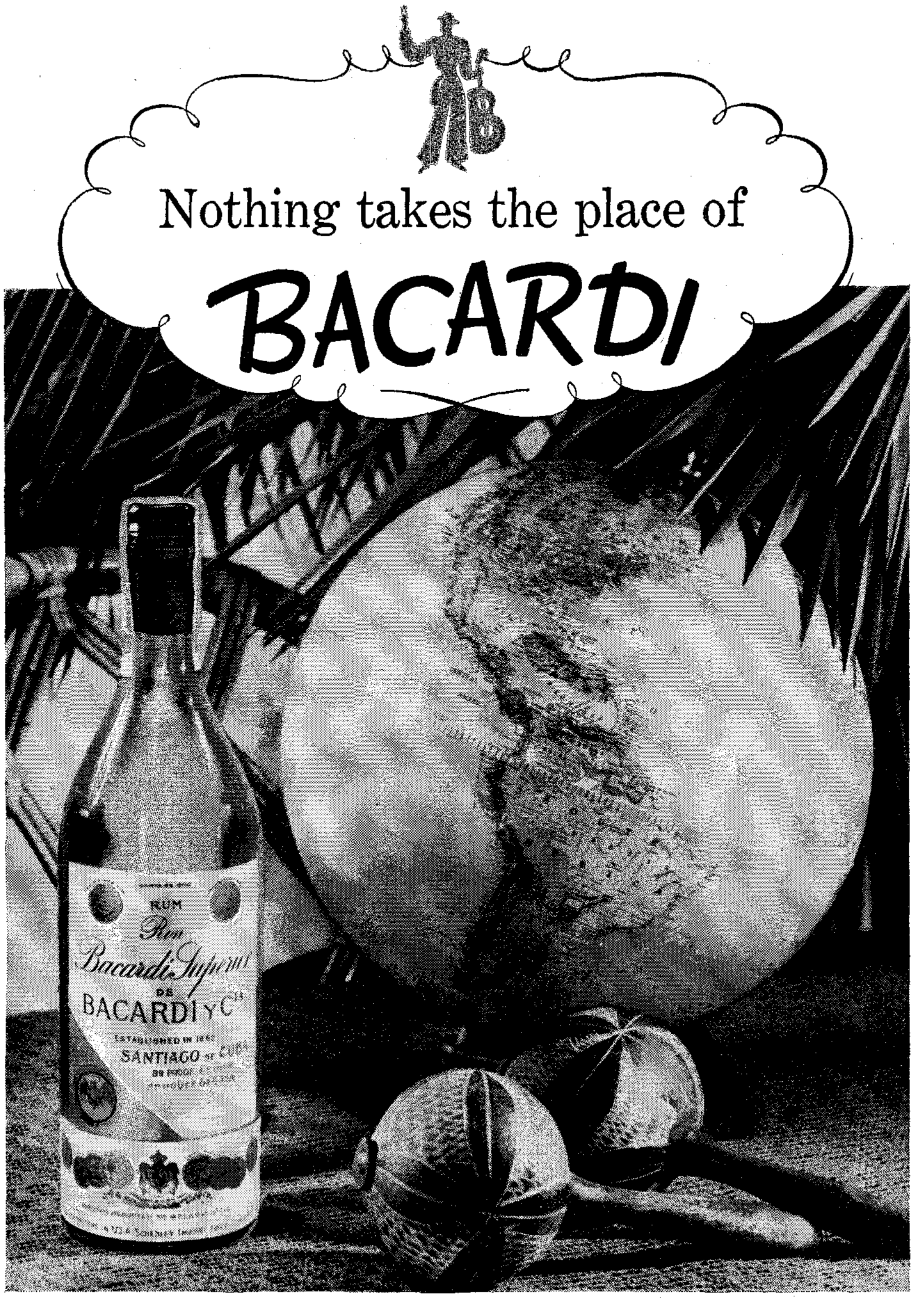
A CELANESE* PLASTIC

REPUBLIC'S THUNDERBOLT has already written some amazing air history in the matter of performance. But that is but a curtain-raiser to the history which it will write in combat. Naturally, any manufacturer has a right to feel proud of contributing a part or a product for this great plane, but this is not a message of pride. It is a reminder of what Lumarith plastics can do in cutting down weight and raising altitude ceilings. The ventilator tube of Lumarith molded plastics is a sample of this important type of contribution.

Lumarith plastics have the military stamina and versatility to meet the exacting requirements of the aircraft industry. The services of our engineers and technical service departments are on call for assistance in solving problems in plastics. Celanese Celluloid Corporation, *The first name in plastics,* 180 Madison Ave., New York City, a division of Celanese Corporation of America Sole Producer of Lumarith* and Celluloid* plastics . . .

Representatives: *Cleveland, Dayton, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Los Angeles, Washington, D. C., Leominster, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa.*

**Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

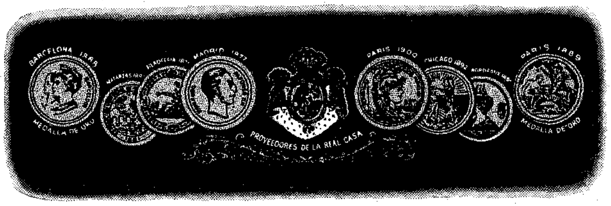


FAMED FOR OVER 80 YEARS
...OVER ALL THE GLOBE

Just as there is no substitute for Bacardi quality and flavor, there is, likewise, no rival to the measure in which it is esteemed throughout the world. Awarded 35 medals since 1862 in many different lands—it continues to merit universal acclaim. Today, as in the distant past, *nothing takes the place of Bacardi*

... AND REMEMBER . . . NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS

AWARDED 35 MEDALS FOR EXCELLENCE SINCE 1862



A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with Bacardi (Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936) RUM — 89 PROOF — Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N. Y. Copr. 1943

described the motion-picture incident. "Get out of my office," he said. "You're the cheapest skate that I—" Schindler jumped up and started for him, but Hetrick intervened. The prosecutor begged Hetrick to swear out a warrant for Schindler's arrest on a charge of obtaining money from him under false pretenses and offered to arrest the detective on the spot. Hetrick refused.

Schindler went back to New York. Awaiting him was a telegram which said, "CONFESSION OBTAINED. KILLED HER WITH A HAMMER." The steamship ticket had accomplished its purpose. Heideman had begged the roper to take him along to Germany. The roper turned him down, pointing out that Heideman had it in his power to hang him; that, while they were good friends at the moment, they might quarrel and the roper couldn't afford to take such a chance. After a long dispute, Heideman said, "If you had a hold on me like I have on you, would you take me?"

"Certainly," said the roper. He spoke a little too quickly. Heideman shut up in alarm. Later, however, the argument was resumed, and Heideman said, "I'll give you a hold on me. I killed Marie Smith at Asbury Park."

He described his crime in detail and the roper agreed to take him to Germany. The confession once made, Heideman became loquacious. There was no difficulty in bringing him to repeat the story later, with District Attorney Applegate and others listening in the next room. The prosecutor apologized in the most wholehearted manner to Schindler and Black Diamond. Heideman pleaded not guilty but was convicted and died in the electric chair. Hetrick was elected Mayor of Asbury Park and reëlected for most of the rest of his life. —Alva Johnston

(*This is the first of three articles on Mr. Schindler.*)

•

The members of Gamma Nu chapter of Beta Sigma Phi sorority met Sunday morning at the Pow Wow oven in Deming park for a May breakfast.

Lois Bresock came bringing her jiffy fire builder, Rita Verdeyen brought her cow along for a supply of fresh milk, "Bugs Bunny" King was present with a big supply of carrots, Grace Wagner came with her bag of "moron stories," and Virginia Kriescher topped the entire breakfast off with her witty remarks.

There will be no more monthly meetings during the summer months.—*Terre Haute Tribune.*

Well, a person can subsist on memories alone for quite a while.

OF ALL THINGS

THE R.A.F. is trying out a new bombing service between England and Africa by way of Germany and Italy. The management believes that this will expedite the delivery of goods to the consumer.

•

The Commander-in-Chief fares better on the road than on the home grounds. He seems to win games everywhere except on Capitol Hill.

•

John L. Lewis has been receiving earnest consideration by the servicemen both at home and abroad. Incomplete returns would indicate that Mr. Lewis hasn't carried a single precinct.

•

Allied authorities in North Africa are becoming impatient with General de Gaulle. They find it hard to get along with a man who always thinks he is right and generally is.

•

The induction of fathers into the armed forces appears to have been postponed again. It looks as if they will still be out of the trenches by Christmas.

•

At the Governors' Conference in Columbus, the delegate from New York had some pretty harsh things to say about Midwestern farmers. Now Americans will really believe Mr. Dewey when he says he is not a candidate for President.

•

Mayor LaGuardia went to Washington for the purpose of asking the government to please pass the meat this way. He returned with a lot of thick, juicy promises.

•

American politicians have hit upon a sound working rule for dealing with the present discontent. If there is a shortage of civilian goods, they merely blame the O.P.A. instead of the A.E.F.

•

At this writing, the Post Office Department has found little demand among motorists for those windshield stickers indicating that the federal use tax has been paid. It may be necessary to start a rumor that the things are going to be rationed.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

SHOPS & SERVICES

SERVICES

REBUILDING THE SHOES OF THE NATION!
Here's the solution to shoe rationing. From cities — towns — hamlets — throughout America . . . worn shoes are being sent to the B. Nelson factory for NELSONIZING. Short shoes made longer — narrow shoes made wider — resoled like new. NELSONIZING means shoes rebuilt by experienced factory craftsmen — not just cobbled. HANDBAGS repaired, relined, cleaned and dyed.
Mail Orders • Write for Booklet "N"
B. NELSON, INC.
10 East 39th Street, New York, 16, N. Y.
Est. Over 64 Years • MUrray Hill 3-6448
Retail Hours 12 Noon to 4:00 P.M. Daily
Closed Saturdays July and August

ALTMAN'S WILL CLEAN YOUR WATCH
Just one of our many timely Save-It Services. Others: lacquering silverware, remodeling old-fashioned jewelry into graduation gifts; recovering umbrellas, remaking handbags, repairing Nylon stockings.
Altman Save-It Service Desk . . . Main Floor.
B. ALTMAN & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 34th St., N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 9-7000

DON'T DISCARD IT—"REPAIRIT"
When something treasured breaks in two
We can fix it . . . . good as new
JAMES AMSTER
140 East 53rd St., N. Y. C. PLaza 8-1866

ELECTRIC RAZORS EXPERTLY REPAIRED
All makes of Electric shavers—any condition—restored to first-class working order by factory experts; low prices; work guaranteed. Free estimate.
ELECTRIC RAZOR REPAIR SERVICE
480 Lexington Ave. (46th St.), N.Y.C. PLaza 3-3344

SHINE REMOVING—RENAPPING
NU-NAP PROCESS—Guaranteed to remove shine and renap fabric on men's and women's silk or cloth wearing apparel. Mail or deliver garments.
BEST WAY SHINE REMOVING CO.
416 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. PL 3-9686

UNIFORMS

ARMY—NAVY OFFICERS' UNIFORMS
Custom Made or Ready-to-Wear. Finest quality—quickest delivery—all insignia—accessories—and our famous caps for immediate delivery.
FENN-FEINSTEIN
516 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 264 York St., New Haven

WAACS! WAVES! SPARS! MARINES! NURSES!
You'll look better in your Uniforms if they're custom-tailored by Luxenberg.
Whites—Blues—Khaki—OD.
LUXENBERG
485 Mad. Av., at 52nd St., N. Y. C. PLaza 8-1606

RARE STAMPS

WEEKLY AUCTIONS—APPRAISALS
Buying or selling, best results
H. R. HARMER, INC.
World's Leading Stamp Auctioneers
Estab. over 50 yrs. in London. Catalogues free.
32 East 57th St., New York PLaza 3-6482

OLD PRINTS

WE CAN FRAME A PICTURE FOR YOU IN 1 HOUR
The Picture Framing Shop of the
OLD PRINT EXCHANGE
14 E. 48th St., N. Y. C. ELdorado 5-4444

RARE BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS • EARLY PRINTING
C. A. STONEHILL, LTD.
(of 135-7 New Bond St., London, W.1)
now located at
555 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C.
Catalogues Issued • Libraries Purchased

HAIRDRESSERS

CHARLES OF THE RITZ
suggests a
SAVOLITE TREATMENT
. . . to clean, recondition and bring shining beauty to your hair!
New York, White Plains, East Orange,
Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Milwaukee,
Los Angeles
Consult your local telephone directory for addresses.

J. SCHAEFFER FOR PERMANENTS
that consider your hair and STYLES created for you. Cold Waves and Air-Conditioning. Prices as pleasing as
SCHAEFFER SERVICE
590 Fifth Avenue, New York BRyant 9-6165

GURO FOR SUPRECOOL COLD PERMANENT WAVE
Specialist in white, gray, and problem hair—famous for tapered haircut—herb rinse which brings out natural lights and beauty—bestone tinting. Free consultation.
441 Madison at 50th WIckersham 2-1692

PERMANENT WAVING BY G. JEAN EXPERTS
and smart styling that would make you thrill at the results. CORRECTIVE HAIR COLORING.
32 West 58th Street, New York. PLaza 3-1470.

HAIR GOODS

MAKERS OF ART HAIR PIECES
for partly or all bald scalps. Abnormal hair conditions skillfully changed into natural-looking appearances (not overdressed or bulky).
CHARLES & ERNEST, Inc. Established 32 years
109 East 47th Street, New York, WI 2-5571

FACE—FIGURE

EUNICE SKELLY'S "HOUSE OF YOUTH"
Where Wrinkles, Age Signs, Skin Defects or Excess Weight miraculously vanish! Her new "LEGLAMOUR METHODE" for Reducing Heavy Legs and Ankles is the Talk of New York.
5 East 57th (Bet. Fifth-Mad.) PLaza 5-2595

BRASSIERES

NO TWO BUSTS ALIKE! BERLE'S CUSTOM MADE
"Delineator" Brassières. Individually designed. Exquisite workmanship. Gives permanent uplift and separation. Mail Orders Accepted. Request booklet "N".
J. Berlé, 20 E. 57th St., N. Y. PLaza 9-4262

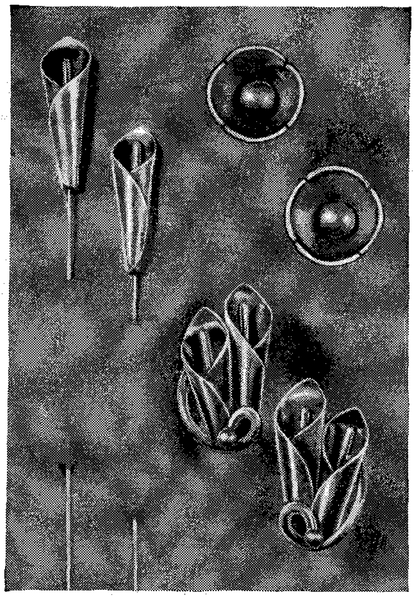
CORSETIERES

"BEFORE-AND-AFTER" MATERNITY CORSETS
Lightweight, easily adjusted BEFORE. Designed to correct to normal lines AFTER baby comes, $25. Other custom-made corsets $15 up.
FRANCEVA, INC.
16 E. 52nd St., N. Y. C. Also Miami Beach, Fla.

LIQUID STOCKINGS

WOMEN ARE RAVING ABOUT
ELISABETH RAE "SHEERTONE"
liquid stockings because—it does not look like leg make-up "It looks like Nylon". Does Not Clog Pores — Rainproof — Bathproof — Streakproof — "SHEERTONE" is easy to apply and easy to remove. Soft stocking shades—Evening Mist—Sunglo—Hawaii Tan—Most good department stores $1.00—plus 10c tax.
ELISABETH RAE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York

SHOPS & SERVICES
For information call
SHOPS AND SERVICES DEPARTMENT
THE NEW YORKER
25 W. 43rd St. BRyant 9-6300



Head-Line News

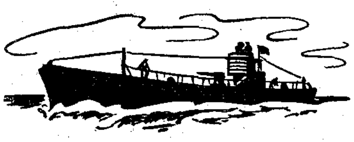
Extra...eye-catching flattery for hats and hairdos. Gay buttercups or dramatic calla lilies hand-wrought from gleaming sterling make these unusual earrings and the matching hatpins.

Calla Lily set... two hatpins and pair of earrings, $25. Similar set in *Buttercup* design, $20.

Pieces shown one-third actual size
Prices Include Federal Tax

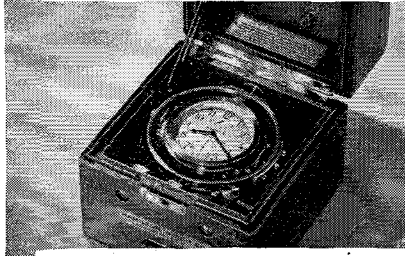
Mail orders filled promptly

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street
New York 22, New York



SUBMARINES!

THEY GET THERE BY *Hamilton* TIME

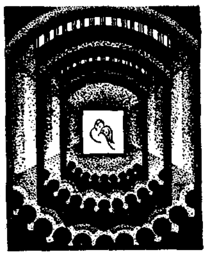


The Extraordinary Precision of Hamilton chronometer watches helps submarine commanders navigate uncharted seas. It's another example of wartime Hamilton precision that will be reflected in postwar Hamilton Watches.

HAMILTON The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Democracy and Burnt Cork



ANTI-FASCISM rears its pretty head in "Pilot #5," but it's got to do some tall rearing to shake off a few of the impediments that have been heaped on it in this story, which is about a couple of American fliers fighting the Japs at Java and about their prewar lives back home. The prewar sequences are flashbacks and make up the good, and fortunately the main, parts of the picture. The fighting sequences are on the flimsy side. The fact is there's a lack of balance about the whole project that seems to indicate some sort of uncertainty on the part of its backers. In the cast are Franchot Tone, Gene Kelly, and Marsha Hunt, three tolerably expensive artists, and there are bits of writing that could have come from expensive talent. Then all of a sudden you see a Japanese aircraft carrier that looks as though it had been made in manual-training class and a couple of shots of crashing planes that must have been dug out of the scrap basket. Maybe a last-minute effort was made to change the picture into as unobtrusive a piece of work as possible because one of the characters represented as a Fascist is a governor of one of the United States and the company didn't want forty-eight lawsuits. Or maybe, finding the title "Pilot #5" on its hands, the company decided to ease up for want of a sure market. Not every theatre has a # to put up on its marquee.

Mr. Tone and Mr. Kelly play a couple of enterprising young fellows who get mixed up in a state political machine and do considerable dirty work before their consciences catch up with them. Incidentally, the rôle of their boss, the governor, is very well handled by Howard Freeman, especially in one scene where he makes a speech for the newsreels. When the boys tire of this nasty business they've been aiding and abetting, one of them does what he can to square himself with the voters, and also his girl, while the other, being a weaker type, retires temporarily to private life. After that they join the Army. It's a shame the picture had to turn out so wobbly, what with its good intentions and all.

IT should be obvious to people who have not even heard of Daniel Decatur Emmett that "Dixie," the current screen biography of that departed minstrel, has wandered from the path of fact. For example, not even a minor poet, however lost in fancy, would have got himself tangled with one of the ladies that the movie Emmett is apparently bewitched by. This number, as portrayed by Dorothy Lamour, can't bewitch for beans. It's no wonder she doesn't get the fellow in the end. The fellow himself is played by Bing Crosby, who is somewhat wasted in this production.

Dan Emmett, in addition to composing "Dixie," was one of the first entertainers to wear blackface. These two claims to fame the picture has given him credit for (Mr. Crosby dutifully puts on blackface, though it doesn't suit him), and has then sort of struck out on its own. It even introduces a couple of songs Emmett didn't write, on the theory that "Dixie" is too old for the "Hit Parade" and a little fresh material might help. Well, it hasn't. "Dixie" is still the tune you're apt to be whistling when you come out at the end of the picture, or maybe a few minutes before the end.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

HERE IN THIS GARDEN

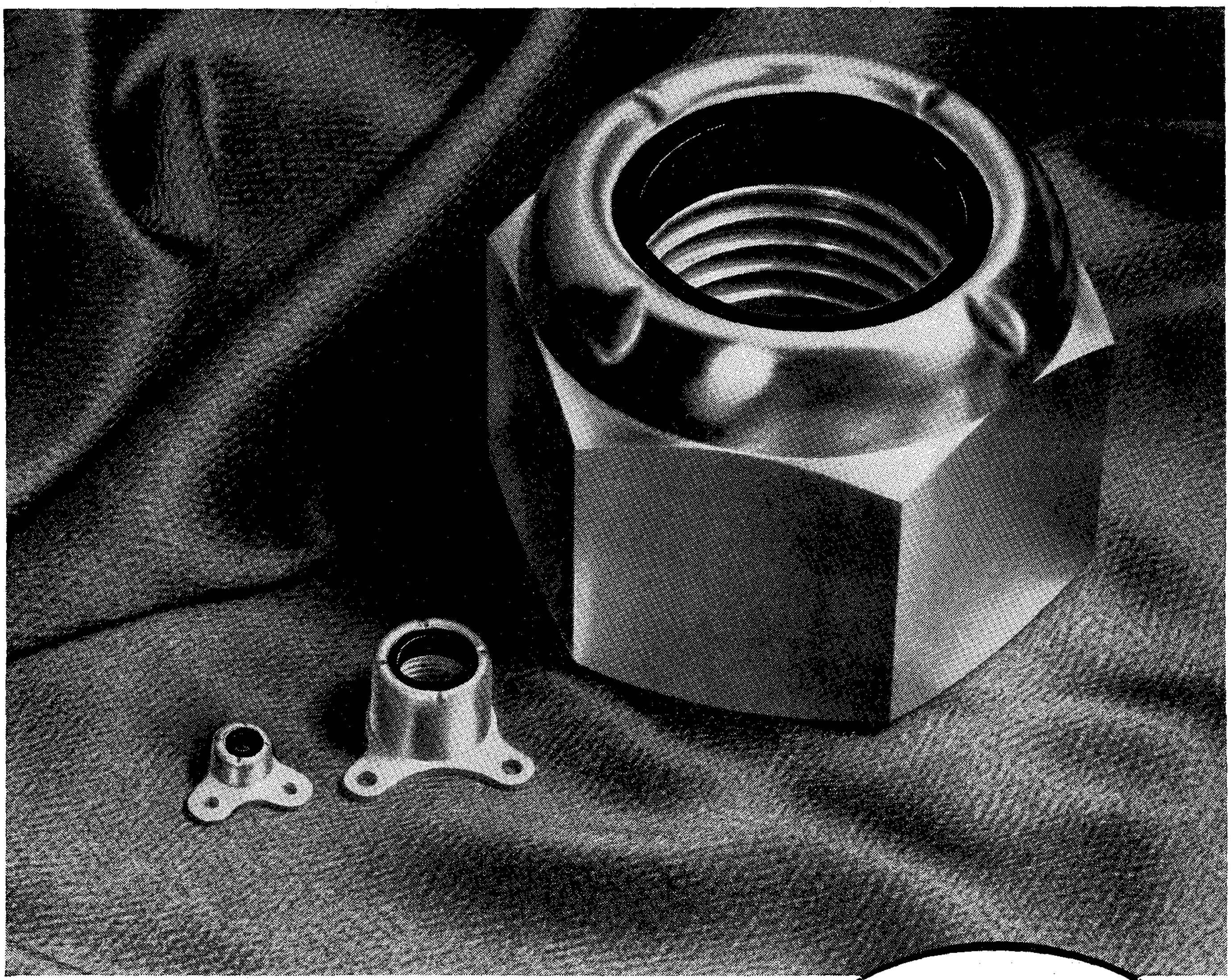
Here in this garden,
With no forewarning,
Summer lays down its delicate barrage
From earliest morning,
With bird notes for fusillade,
And crackling twig for artillery,
Machine-gun rattle of the woodpecker,
Zooming of the bee,
Flare of the corolla,
The dragonfly's menacing drone,
Distant drumfire of the rain,
Clatter of the thunderstone.
The lethal fragrance of the lily
Holds the senses in its power
Here in this garden;
Yet here, here Man need not shameful cower,
Neither, impudent, need he brave death
With his last poor fragile breath.

—SAMUEL YELLEN

•

In a recent issue we published a story by Somerset Maugham which began with rape and ended with infanticide. In its way, it seemed to us entertaining.—*From an article in Writer's Digest.*

That's the test, all right!



THE REASON FOR A NUT

● There's only one reason for a nut.

That is to hold things together.

To make a nut that does this isn't as simple as it sounds.

But here is a nut that goes on and locks – all by itself – where-ever you want it.

It holds tight in spite of vibration, stress or strain.

It can be taken off when necessary – then goes right back on and locks again.

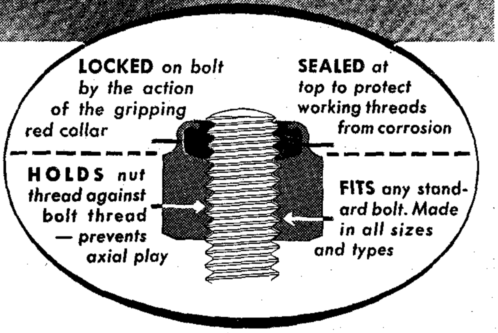
It's the Elastic Stop Nut.

The secret is the elastic red collar in the top. This hugs the bolt – keeps nut and bolt threads tight together and stops all shimmy and axial play.

That makes the nut stay put.

The Elastic Stop Nut is not a new invention. We've made them for years.

And of the billions in use, we've never heard of one that has failed to do its job better than any other similar fastening.

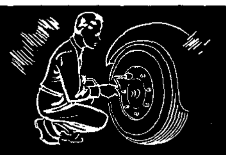

LOCKED on bolt by the action of the gripping red collar
SEALED at top to protect working threads from corrosion
HOLDS nut thread against bolt thread — prevents axial play
FITS any standard bolt. Made in all sizes and types

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

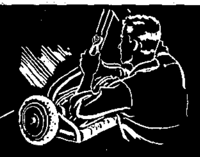
ESNA
TRADE MARK

ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
UNION, NEW JERSEY AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA



When regular nuts loosen, cars squeak. So look ahead to quieter automobiles after victory is won.

Washing machines call for nut-and-bolt connections that stay tight under heavy use. Elastic Stop Nuts keep such appliances running right.



On a lawn mower, ordinary nuts may loosen, fall off, get lost in deep grass. Elastic Stop Nuts stay put.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PRIVILEGE

Captain Theodore Roosevelt Thomson is thirty-four years old, tall, and blond, and he has blue eyes. Ashore, he is given to wearing tweed jackets, bright silk ties, and a polo coat, a manner of dress which makes him look like a slightly overage undergraduate. He speaks softly, with long, unembarrassed gaps in the middle of his sentences. This habit lends a curious flavor of wisdom to everything he says. He does not laugh easily, and you feel you'd be disappointed in him if he did. He is one of the youngest licensed masters in the United States Merchant Marine. His own account of his success runs about like this: "I can tell you"—pause—"it was all a fluke." Then, in the quiet which follows, Captain Thomson appears to wait helplessly but with dignity for some secret supply of words to be assembled. "This is an ocean-going war," he says, "and"—pause—"the bosses needed a man who'd seen a ship's bridge. And there I was."

I happened to meet Captain Thomson recently at the home of a friend, and I asked him in some detail about his part in the war. I necessarily omit his long silences from this account, even though they were always present. I must also omit Captain Thomson's steady examination of his sleeves for invisible pieces of lint. These mannerisms were plainly Captain Thomson's unconscious way of putting himself at ease with the first person singular. Such omissions may tend to make him sound garrulous, if not fluent, but he was neither.

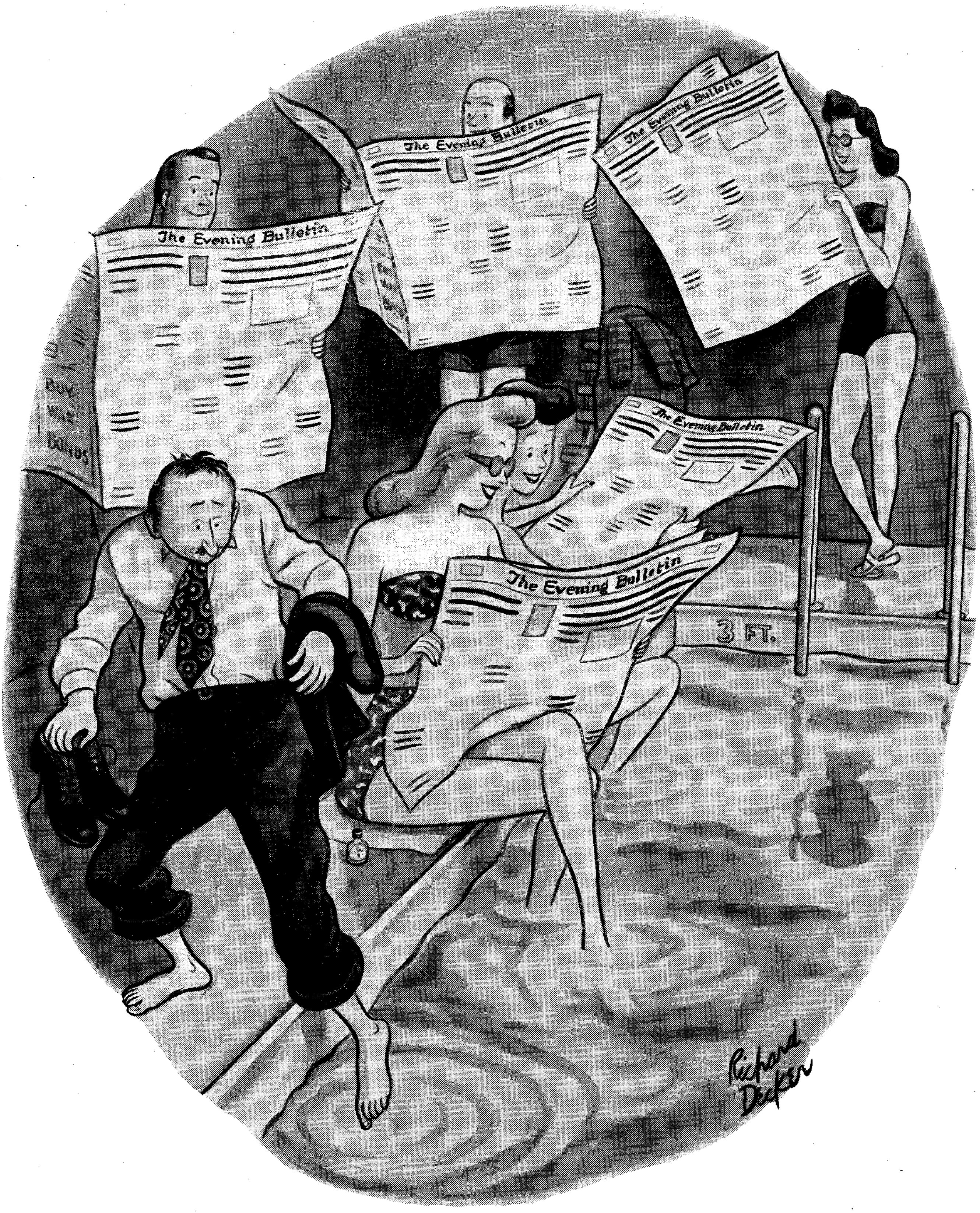
SITUATION
WANTED
MALE
Richter

"People sometimes ask me how I happened to get my name," he said. "Makes me feel as if I were a race horse, or a prize apple. It happened because my father was a cop in New York. Theodore Roosevelt was President of the Police Board in New York a long time ago, and he appointed my father to what was then a newfangled bicycle squad. I guess my father figured he ought to do something for Roosevelt in return. When I came along, he named me after him, though by then—I was born in 1909—Roosevelt had got around to being President of the United States. Everybody else in my family has an ordinary name. I had a brother who was killed in the last war and another brother is at present a lieutenant in the Navy. My two sisters have also joined the Navy, as you might say, by marrying a lieutenant and a lieutenant commander. We're a sea-going family, but I don't know why. My father never gave a rap for anything but his old bicycle squad.

"I went through the usual run of school and high school, not even thinking about the sea. Then, maybe because the depression was on and jobs were hard to get, I decided to go to the New York Merchant Marine Academy. I got out of the Academy when I was twenty-one. I was entitled to the rating of able-bodied seaman, but I shipped as an ordinary seaman for several tricks to get the feeling of being at sea. I didn't want to stick my neck out before I'd learned my way around. I started with the Grace Line and I've been with it ever since. The Graces are fine people to work for and they know how to run their ships." Thomson stopped to think. "I mean, a man doesn't have to spend his time dancing with the passengers. He can stay up on the bridge, where he belongs, and let the cruise directors handle the women." After a moment's reflection he added, "Besides, I already have a wife and a couple of children—live in Merrick, Long Island.

"Well, I served my time on a good many Grace ships—the Santa Rosa, the Santa Paula, the Santa Elena, and the Santa Lucia. I moved up little by little, as a man does, from A.B. to quartermaster, third officer, second officer, first officer, and finally to chief officer, which is second only to master of a ship. About that time, which was in 1940, the Navy asked for volunteers to attend a school at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where officers of the United States Merchant Marine were going to be taught certain fundamentals of gunnery and maneuvering. I took the course, and those fundamentals have come in pretty handy since. After a couple of years as chief officer on the Paula and Lucia, I was assigned to be chief officer of a brand-new ship. She was what is called a C-2 freighter, about nine thousand dead-weight tons and with space for twelve passengers. As far as I can see, that's the right number of passengers for a ship—not enough to get in the way. The finest thing about the ship, though, was her speed: she was capable of doing a steady fifteen knots, which is fast time for a cargo ship. In the spring of 1942 the War Shipping Administration took her over on behalf of the Army Transport Service, which reassigned her to the Grace Line for operation. I guess that sounds pretty complicated, and it *is* complicated on paper, but what it meant was that while the government controlled the ship under a charter, we were responsible for loading and sailing the ship and for keeping her afloat.

"She was ordered to proceed from Boston to another East Coast port with a cargo of United States government provisions, or what we call government stores. While we were docked at Boston, our captain was taken sick and had to be put ashore. No one could figure out where to dig up another captain, so the officials of the company in New York rushed out and got me a full master's license. We soon afterward joined a convoy bound for a British port. As I told you, my ship was good for fif-


The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
BUY WAR BONDS
3 FT.
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

It *might* take a silk hosiery sale in wartime to marshal such determined reader interest. We won't argue the point. Instead, we'll just mention The Bulletin's circulation of over 600,000 — and say that this is the largest evening newspaper circulation in America. And that 96% of it is in the Philadelphia trading area where it does advertisers (of hosiery and otherwise) the most good.

(Advertisement)

teen knots, but the rest of the convoy was slow. You don't know how jumpy it makes you to have a fast ship throttled down to match a lot of tubs. I'd rather have been on my own.

"After discharging our cargo, we were ordered to put in to another port. There we found that the cards had been shuffled again and that we would be taking orders from the British. Though I was an American, I was sent to a British school to learn wartime navigation—tricks like zigzagging and so on—and more gunnery. I'd never been to the British Isles before, and I was glad to get a chance to see them. It was June, the flowers were all in bloom, and it hardly ever rained. Or if it rained, I didn't mind it. I used to walk out from town into the countryside and talk to the people, and I made some good friends that way. Kept me from feeling too homesick, I guess, for my family back in Merrick. The daughter of an English skipper I happened to meet gave me a little Airedale puppy. He was only six weeks old, so I had to baby him a good deal. When I got back to my ship, I kept him in my cabin with me. He was a good dog. I never got around to giving him a name."

Captain Thomson was silent for a moment; I imagine he was thinking of his dog. Finally he went on. "The ship lay in port for forty-two days while she was being loaded with food and coal and equipped with extra fire-fighting apparatus. I had no idea where we were going, but to see all that dirty coal in my clean ship nearly broke my heart. She was equipped with extra guns also, including twenty-millimetre Oerlikons, forty-millimetre Bofors, and thirty-calibre machine guns. From the look of those guns, the crew and I had a pretty good idea that we might expect some excitement. Then, without a word of explanation, I received orders to remove the coal, and in its place we took on anti-aircraft ammunition, bombs, and, in the Number 1 hatch, thirteen hundred tons of aviation gas. The only thing I knew for sure was that if even a lighted cigarette butt fell into that Number 1 hatch the ship was done for.

"My orders came through to proceed to still another British port and to await further instructions. When we reached port, I learned that we were to be one of a convoy of fast ships. The other ships were all British and their masters were a little suspicious of me, and I couldn't blame them. I was an American and, besides, I guess I looked like a kid compared to them. But they were nice to me. They never asked me how I had been lucky enough to captain such a sweet ship at my age, and naturally I never told them. All the captains met one afternoon for tea aboard a British cruiser. We were introduced to an Admiral Seaforth—that's a good name for an admiral, isn't it? Of course we were all waiting to hear where we were bound, but Admiral Seaforth took his time about telling us. When he finally put down his teacup, he acted as if he were talking about the fine summer weather. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'it is our great privilege to be chosen to go to the aid of Malta.'

"For a moment none of us said a word. We knew that Malta was just about at the end of its endurance. Hardly any supplies had reached it in several months, and we felt sure that ours was the last, desperate attempt to get through to it. We thought that the Admiral might as well have said it was our great privilege to commit suicide, but we all nodded our heads, accepted our orders, and said, 'Thank you, sir.'

"Our merchant ships cleared the coast the next day. Somewhere, and of course I can't say where, we picked up our escort. Maybe that escort should have made us feel better, but in a way it made us feel worse. It was so terribly big that the crew realized, for the first time, that we were heading into something deadly. To protect what normally would have been considered a small convoy, the British had assigned battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers, and destroyers. Aboard our ship, in addition to the American crew of sixty men, were a British crew to man the Oerlikons and Bofors, a communications officer, and several signalmen. These men kept steadily at their battle stations. Spitfires cruised comfortingly over our heads and the outlying destroyers acted as a screen between our ships and any wandering submarines. Or so we hoped. Most of my crew felt a certain relief when we reached Gibraltar safely, but I knew that between the Rock and Malta lay a thousand miles of narrow and probably overcrowded sea.

"From the moment we left Gibraltar, I gave up any idea of sleep. On the morning of the second day I was standing on the bridge watching the sky for German planes. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of three odd, ruffled-looking splashes cutting through the water. I knew instantly that they were torpedoes. They were heading for one of our aircraft carriers which happened to be about an eighth of a mile astern. It was too late for me to do more than watch them. The torpedoes struck the carrier amidships. The carrier, with more than forty planes aboard, sank in seven minutes." He held his hands with the palms up, in a gesture of emptiness.

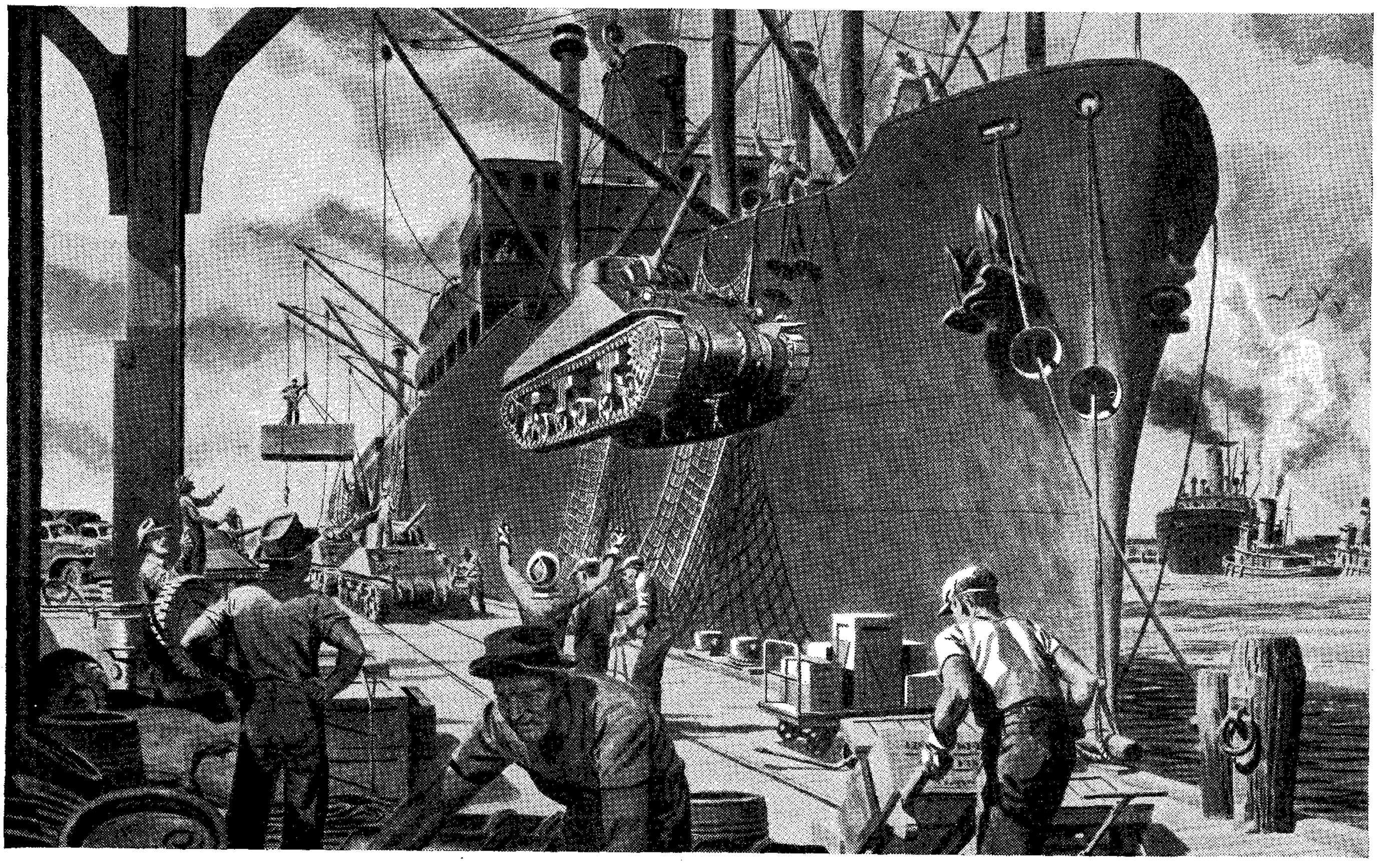
Captain Thomson spoke more and more slowly. "It was as simple as that," he said. "No fuss, no excitement, not even much noise. The carrier just sank. It was hard to believe then, and it's harder to believe now, but we saw it happen. And we had to keep on going, zigzagging back and forth and wondering if we would be next, while the survivors of the carrier's crew waited in the water behind us. Waited, and shouted to us begging for help, and kept on waiting. Later, I understand, a destroyer stood to and picked a good many of them up.

"By that time some Italian planes, which must have been based on Sicily, decided to try high-level bombing. They failed to hit any of us, and pretty soon our ack-ack frightened them away. After the Italians ran home, some German dive-bombers arrived, and those babies were a lot less easy to discourage. They came over us fifteen or twenty at a time, paying no attention to the ack-ack barrage our whole convoy was sending up. They had all the guts in the world and they seemed to be able to do what they liked with their planes. Maybe it sounds wrong to say I admired them, but that's the only word that will fit. I mean, I wasn't only afraid of them. I could see they were doing a beautiful job, the way our gunners were doing a beautiful job. As far as we were able to judge in the sweat and confusion of the attack, our gunners brought down three German planes. One plane, before we shot it down, dropped a string of bombs athwart our ship, two bombs falling on the port side and three on the starboard side. None of them landed anywhere near the Number 1 hatch. On the other hand, the cargo ship which was nearest to us blew up when, by a lucky fluke, a German plane made three direct hits down three separate hatches. The ship, or what was left of her, sank in less than a minute.

"The Germans finally ran short of gas or bombs and went home, but we found we weren't being given much of a reprieve. That night half a dozen Italian PT boats sneaked out from somewhere along the Tunisian shore and the Tunisian land batteries started up, their bursts of fire serving to disclose our position to the PT boats. The PT boats, like the convoy, were without run-

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." *(Public Act 835)*



The cargo nobody sees

Great numbers of fighting men and enormous quantities of war materials are being carried by American ships to battle-fronts all over the world. But there's another kind of intangible cargo found in every vessel . . . a cargo which can't be seen. It's the skill, experience and vision of those who, under the American system of private enterprise, build, own and operate the ship.

Thanks to the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 and its provision to rebuild a great merchant fleet "*owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States* . . ." America today has the experienced, skilled men to battle the biggest shipping job in world history.

The growing offensive strength of the United Nations everywhere is dramatic proof of the amazing rehabilitation of the United States merchant marine. This revival of a great American tradition has been accomplished in seven short years and in the American way—paced by the courage and enterprise of private business working closely with enlightened government.

American Export Lines has been in the thick of this gigantic undertaking, using priceless experience gained in nearly a quarter-century of peacetime operation to lands on the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, along the busy Mediterranean and Black Seas.

Faster ships—better service—*regular schedules, regularly maintained.* These are some of the contributions made by American Export Lines to pre-war international trade. Thanks to the know-how and efficiency gained in peacetime, this company is able to do its part on today's Battle-front of the Seven Seas.

American Export Lines

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

American Export Airlines flying boats, too, shorten supply lines to our fighting fronts.

A bride's best friend is Wamsutta

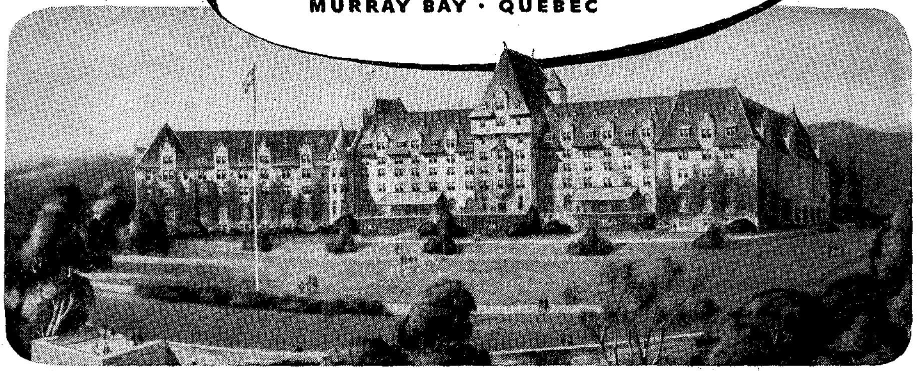
Conservation is best assured, today, by investing in known quality and established reputation. Wamsutta Supercale* sheets and pillowcases are the first choice of American brides. They wear longer. WAMSUTTA MILLS, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Springfield Blankets • Wamsutta-Somerset Towels

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Wamsutta SUPERCALE SHEETS

MANOIR RICHELIEU and Cottages
MURRAY BAY • QUEBEC



• **Time-off,** this summer, must be *time wisely spent* . . . as it will be *at the Manoir!* Whether you're coming for rest . . . for relaxation . . . for the miracle that complete change of setting and pace can perform for tired bodies and minds . . . you'll find everything here in happy abundance to help you enjoy your "leave-of-absence" to the full. Superb golf, tennis, salt-water pool, riding . . . in pine-scented, pollen-free Laurentian air . . . high above the cool St. Lawrence River. Fishing in well-stocked private lakes. Dancing in the Casino. Daily service from Montreal by famous river steamers. No passports required. Favorable currency exchange.

Room with bath and meals, from $9 per day. Apply Myron H. Woolley, Manager, Murray Bay, Quebec; or Canada Steamship Lines offices in principal cities; or your Travel Agent.

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

ning lights, so most of the time it was impossible to make out the approach of the boats except by their phosphorescent wakes. These Italians, unlike the Italian fliers we had frightened away before, refused to quit. They circled us like damned yellow jackets looking for sugared water, and we never knew when or where they were going to sting.

"One PT boat came round our bow in an attempt to deliver a torpedo amidships. We had an Oerlikon on the bridge, but it couldn't be depressed sufficiently to hit anything at close range. Fortunately, that torpedo missed its mark, passing astern of us. The PT boat circled back and opened fire on the bridge, machine-gunning and killing the British seaman behind the Oerlikon. A seventeen-year-old American cadet took charge of the gun and despite his exposed position kept it firing. I was also standing on the bridge. When the Italians raked it with their machine guns, I happened to be walking behind the armor-plated aerial lead-in to the ship's radio. The bullets made a steady, clattering sound a few inches in front of my eyes. I decided to stop walking.

"At almost the same moment a torpedo, fired from a second PT boat, which had approached from the opposite side of the ship, struck the starboard bow. Water gushed up over the bridge, and to my astonishment it felt warm. I thought at first that it must be the gasoline from the Number 1 hatch. By the time I had choked down a couple of mouthfuls of it, I decided that it was plain sea water. The ship began to settle by the head, but in spite of my fears the aviation gas didn't explode, although it did catch fire. It ran out slowly over the surface of the water and lay there burning. I ordered the engines stopped, since the ship had settled so rapidly that our propeller was already out of the water. Then I rang to abandon ship."

Thomson kept his eyes away from mine. "It was a hell of an order to have to give," he said. "It was my first ship. But I had the crew to think about.

"Two boats were lowered over the side. Fifty-nine men climbed into our big boat and twenty-one climbed into the other boat, which was smaller. I was careful to call the roll, and I found that ten men were missing. They had either been lost overboard when that gush of water covered the ship or else they had been killed by the torpedo's explosion belowdecks. The men were anxious to stand clear of the ship, but, seeing she was sinking so slowly now, I wanted to go back, if possible, and get certain important papers from my cabin. That was what I told them." Thomson hesitated a moment. "You see, the damn puppy was there. He was waiting for me in the cabin. He was a great little dog. When I reached the deck, I found that the companionway to my cabin was awash, so I had to return to the big boat without the dog. I gave the order to cast off. We slipped away into the darkness, expecting the ship to sink at any moment. Actually she didn't sink for hours.

"As the men rowed, I heard a strange sort of whisper starting among them. I had never heard anything like it before. I guess it was what you'd call panic. Usually I keep my voice to myself, but this time I stood up in the bow of the boat and said, 'Listen, you men. If anybody opens his yap, I'll clout him.' I guess the men were surprised to hear that kind of talk from me. Anyhow, after that there was silence. We rowed for several hours. Early the next morning we were picked up and distributed between two destroyers which were towing a tanker nearly cut in half by bombs. A German plane lay scattered across the tanker's deck. The tanker's engines were so badly disabled that it would have been impossible for her to make the remaining distance to Malta unaided."

THOMSON by this time seemed eager to stop talking. As far as he was concerned, apparently, the sinking of his ship was the end of the story. For nearly a minute there was no sound but the ticking of the watch on my wrist. "But what about the rest of the convoy?" I asked him.

"What was left of it limped along at two or three knots," Thomson said slowly, "but by then the Germans and Italians had done their worst. Every ship in the convoy had received at least one bomb or torpedo hit, and the Germans and Italians retired from the attack convinced, I suppose, that our mission had been a failure." Thomson lifted his chin. "But it wasn't a failure. It was what some of the British officers at Malta called a damned good show. In spite of our losses, the supplies we brought in were enough to last the island for several weeks, and by then the battle in Africa had turned in our favor. I remember that when the destroyer on which I was standing approached the docks at Valletta, I could hear the natives shouting, over and over, 'Convoy! Convoy!' Their shouting made up for a lot. In a way, it helped me get used to having lost my ship."

"Weren't you pretty glad to be able to go ashore?" I asked.

Thomson shook his head and smiled. "I didn't go ashore," he said. "I lay right down on the deck and for the first time in four days I fell asleep."

—BRENDAN GILL

• •

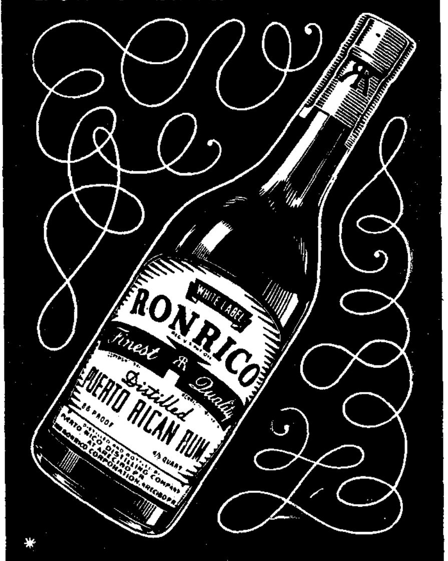
SITUATION

Snedeker Wolf had a small English cottage,
Snedeker Wolf had a four-year-old son.
Snedeker Wolf needed forty-nine servants:
Snedeker Wolf had none.

He needed a valet to pick up the things that he scattered all over the floor,
He needed a seamstress to sew on his buttons and mend all his garments that
tore,
He needed a nursemaid to discipline Junior and bathe him and put him to bed,
He needed a cook and good dietitian to really be properly fed.
He needed a laundress on Mondays and Tuesdays to wash and to iron the
clothes,
He needed a granger to doctor his Victory garden and straighten the rows,
He needed a butler to answer the doorbell and tell all solicitors, "No!"
He needed a capable social adviser to tell him the places to go.
He needed a housemaid to clean up the bathroom whenever he'd finished his tub,
He needed a practical nurse when he came from a night with the boys at the
club,
He needed a sound economic consultant to keep him financially sane,
And also a laureate mathematician equipped with a ration-wise brain.

But Snedeker Wolf, though he needed them badly,
Had none of these things in his life;
So he just got along as the rest of the best
Of the world gets along: with a wife.

—SHIRLEY SHAPIRO


For smart drinkers

*RONRICO

*Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (Y) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

*Trade Marks of Ronrico Corporation

AIR COOLED
MADISON SQ. GARDEN
NIGHTLY (Exc. Mon.) at 8:30
Afternoons — TUES., THURS., SAT. and SUND. at 2:15
NOW
SPECIAL PERFORMANCES
MON. Aft'n and Night, JULY 5
Dazzlingly Different!
RINGLING BROS
SPANGLES
The Continental CIRCUS
Prices: ALL PERFORMANCES Except Sat. Nite & July 4 Aft'n & Nite
$1.10, $1.65, $2.20 and $2.75 including Tax
Sat. Nite & July 4 $1.10, $1.65, $2.20, $2.75, $3.30 incl. Tax
Children Under 12 Half Price Tues. & Thurs. Afternoons
Tickets Now On Sale at Garden
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

TO KEEP WHAT YOU OWN...
Put a CASH'S WOVEN NAME on it!

Replacements are harder and harder to get. Mark your things with your own name, woven to order by *Cash's*, and prevent most losses. Cash's are a favorite identification with the armed forces as well as at home. Ask your Dept. Store for CASH'S or write us. *Due to our volume of military business PLEASE place orders for School EARLY!*

TRIAL OFFER: *Send us 15c for 1 Dozen of your FIRST name.*

CASH'S
13 Chestnut Street
South Norwalk, Connecticut

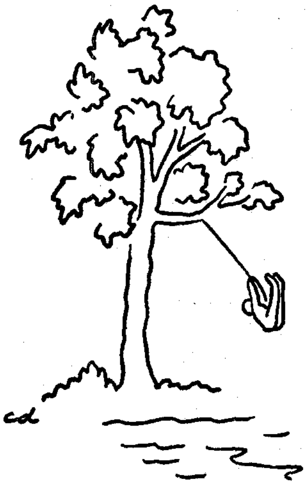
PRICES THREE DOZEN $1.50 NINE DOZEN $2.50
SIX DOZEN $2.00 TWELVE DOZEN $3.00

HOME SWEET HOME

IT was a rather low-class place just off Times Square, with tile-topped tables and swing music howling from a juke box in one corner. The waiters were harassed. While I was waiting to give my order I got up and put a nickel in the juke box and punched the button opposite the song I wanted to hear. I had to listen to six tunes before mine turned up. It was a waltz I had danced to one night in England when I was uncommonly happy, so I liked it. It made me think of home. I put in another nickel for the same tune again. This time I only had to hear three tunes before mine came up. I powdered my nose while I waited.

The scent of cigarette smoke and food was heavy and unpleasant. I'll eat in some other place, I thought, listening to the nostalgic tune. I can afford it. There's no need to eat in a low joint if you have cash enough for a better place. So I ordered and drank a large orange juice and went out.

It was dusk, and the lights of Broadway were sparkling, or so it seemed to an English eye. I can never stop being surprised by the number of lights in the New York dimout. In England there isn't a glimmer. Sometimes we used to get rather annoyed by the blackout, for it never prevented the German bombers from finding the cities. They arrived at the place they were looking for whether it was brilliant or black, so why did we have to run around with torches?



I went to the restaurant of a big hotel. It was handsome and the food looked fine. When you eat in an English restaurant now they give you ghastly sausages or a bit of hamburger steak that tastes like last year's joint put through a mincer. Nevertheless it's nourishing, and you don't feel ill after it, merely disappointed. The restaurant was crowded and everybody seemed to be having a good time. An orchestra was playing just loud enough, making a high, sensuous accompaniment to the steady bass of conversation. There was no empty table and the headwaiter, apologizing lavishly, seated me with a man with hard, dark hair and a determined mouth. I apologized for intruding, and he said it was O.K. A pale and slender waiter hovered over the table and took my order. The man opposite me was eating turkey and it looked good, so I ordered that. Turkey and trimmings. They aren't getting turkey at home, I thought, recollecting how lucky I was.

"You're English, aren't you?" the man asked. He said he had known a lot of English people and invited me to have a drink.

"I was in England in '37," he said. "How is it now?"

"Fine," I said.

"Used to go to Liverpool," he added meditatively. "How's Liverpool?"

"There seems to be a building missing in every block," I said. "But the roads are repaired and the docks are busier than ever."

"And Hull? I stayed there once on my way to Amsterdam. I'm in the diamond business."

"Hull is all right," I said. It isn't, but I didn't want to talk about it. Our drinks came.

"Here's to America," I said.

"Here's to England," he said. "The English are O.K."

I smiled at him and asked him about the diamond business. He said diamonds were selling well. I said I thought that was wonderful, considering the income tax, but that I could be fooled any day by a bit of cut glass from Woolworth's.

The diamond merchant looked wounded, and when I had eaten my turkey—it was delicious turkey—he took out a jeweller's glass and said he'd teach me to know a diamond. Just then the dessert came, so we postponed the lesson and ate apple pie à la mode.

WE took up diamonds with our coffee. He had plenty of specimens to demonstrate with, for he was trimmed with diamonds: tiepin, tieholder, rings. He stripped a great ring from a finger and poised the jeweller's glass. "Now," he said. "That's a single stone with fifty-eight facets. Look at the lights. Do you think paste would look like that?" The fifty-eight sections flashed.

"Wonderful," I said.

"Now we'll look at some small diamonds." He replaced the ring and took off his tieholder. We looked at twenty small stars, and he explained the cutting. Once the greatest cutters were all Dutch, but now the Americans were coming along, he said. The diamonds were certainly pretty, but I didn't want any.

"And you've never owned a diamond?" he asked softly.

"No," I said.

"You could have diamonds any time you wanted, and you know it," he said.

"It's kind of you to say so," I said. "But all I want is to go home."

"Home? You mean England?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"And the bombing and the blackout and the food—you liked it, eh?"

"The food was all right," I said. "There was plenty of bread and carrots and potatoes. And sometimes the place you lived in wasn't bombed for months together."

"What you need," he said, "is another drink." His face softened and became gentle. "I used to get that way when I was abroad. Europe has some swell places, but I was raised in New York and I wanted to be home. Have you felt this way before?"

"No," I said. "I've been here a couple of months and I've been happy. It was just a tune I heard on a juke box that started me thinking of home."

"You'll get over it by tomorrow," he said. "I used to figure it lasted about twelve hours. And you're having another drink. And this dinner is on me." He wagged a glittering finger. "No, you better stop arguing; I'm a tough customer. I felt the way you feel, one night in Amsterdam. I'd have given a thousand dollars for a peep at New York." He called the waiter. "Crème de menthe for two," he said "I guess you don't get crème de menthe in England."

"You do if you can pay for it," I said. "But liquor of all kinds is scarce and the tax on it is terribly high."

We drank crème de menthe.

"How do you feel now?" he asked, grinning.

"Better," I said. "You've been swell. Thank you for everything."

"Maybe one day when I'm feeling homesick in London I'll meet you," he said. "How is London?"

"Still standing, most of it," I said. "And always will be."

"Say, you do think your country's good!" he said, and laughed.

"It has its faults," I said. "But the Germans have eliminated quite a few of them. They've smashed up the slums, and crowds huddling together in air-raid shelters forget class distinctions.

And the war plants have taken the unemployed."

"They'll all come back again," he said, "slums and unemployment and class snobbery."

"No," I said. "The bombers have finished the lot. For good."

"I hope so." He lit my cigarette. "Though mind you," he added, "I don't like what I've heard about your income tax. A guy's got to live."

"Oh, we're living," I said. "And what's the good of an income when there's nothing to buy?"

"You could have bought diamonds. Weren't there any diamonds?"

"It's queer," I said. "But I can't remember. I never noticed."

He stared at me in astonishment. "If the women over there don't notice diamonds, they've sure changed a lot," he said. "It doesn't sound right to me."

"Well," I explained, "all the clothes are rationed, and you can't wear diamonds with a shabby frock. They wouldn't look right."

I began to wonder about the diamonds, though; there must have been some. It was time for me to go, so I stood up and held out my hand and thanked him again.

"It's been a pleasure knowing you," he said. He stood there looking shy and embarrassed, but his diamonds glittered bravely. His kindness, I thought, was brighter than his merchandise, worth more than all his tiepins and tieholders.

OUT in the street lights were sparkling everywhere. Suddenly I felt the heaviness around my heart lift. I wasn't homesick any more. I looked up at the lovely, slender skyscrapers; I could have taken a skyscraper in my arms and hugged it. I would go home to England when the war was over, but meanwhile I was a part of America. I smiled at the bright city, and all the many-faceted lights of Manhattan winked back at me.

—WINIFRED WILLIAMS

•

QUESTION: Mrs. F. O. writes: "Every once in a while I get jaundice. What do you recommend for this? When I am recovering, my whole body itches all over and it is very distressing.

ANSWER: Jaundice is only a range on a mound of lettuce one small pile each of cooked, diced carrots, string beans, green peas, quartered tomatoes, and shredded cabbage.—*Ottawa Journal.*

You see? You're making a lot of fuss about nothing.

How to make distinctive and delicious drinks with
de Kuyper
CORDIALS

♥ For generations past, people here and abroad have known and loved these fine cordials as ideal after-dinner liqueurs. Today, they are equally famous for making delicious mixed drinks, a few of which are shown and described here. De Kuyper Cordials have been made in America for the past nine years identically as in Holland by Dutch experts carefully trained by the de Kuyper family.

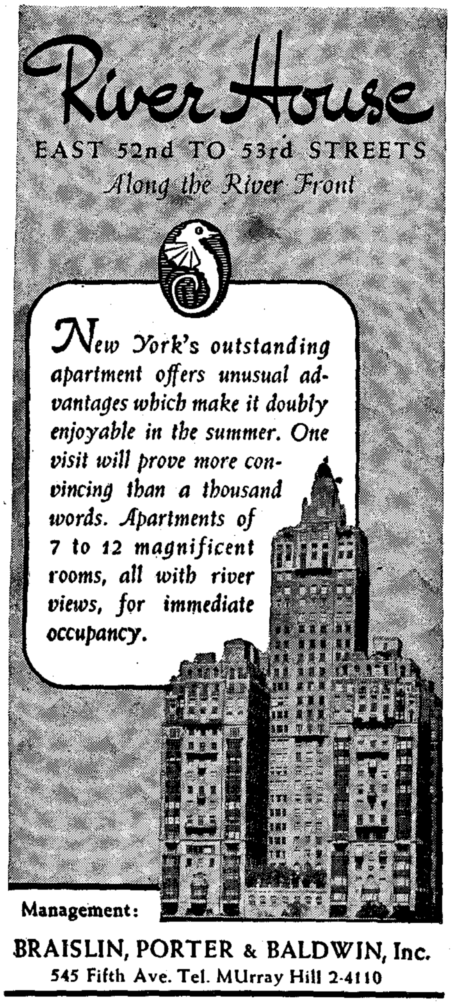
De Kuyper
Creme de Menthe
FRAPPE
LONG GREEN
STINGER
Apricot Liqueur
APRI-COOLER
NATIONALE
PARADISE
Creme de Cacao
De Kuyper
COMMODORE
ANGEL'S-TIP
ALEXANDER

Creme de Menthe
60 PROOF
FRAPPE: Fill frappe glass with shaved or crushed ice, pour in de Kuyper Creme de Menthe.
STINGER: 1/3 de Kuyper Creme de Menthe (white), 2/3 brandy. Shake with ice, strain.
LONG GREEN: Fill Tom Collins glass with cracked ice, pour in 1½ oz. de Kuyper Creme de Menthe. Fill with soda.

Apricot Liqueur
74 PROOF
APRI-COOLER: 1¼ oz. de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, in a 10-oz. glass, juice of ½ lemon. Stir with ice. Fill with club soda.
PARADISE: 1/3 gin, 2/3 de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur. Shake well with ice, strain.
NATIONALE: ½ rum, ¼ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, ¼ pineapple juice. Shake well with ice, strain, decorate with pineapple stick and cherry.

Creme de Cacao
60 PROOF
COMMODORE: 1/3 de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, 1/3 rye or bourbon whiskey, 1/3 lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grenadine. Shake well with ice, strain, serve in champagne glass.
ALEXANDER: ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ½ gin, ¼ sweet cream. Shake well with ice, strain.
ANGEL'S TIP: Fill a liqueur glass 2/3 full with de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, add a little sweet cream, pour slowly onto a spoon, float the cream.

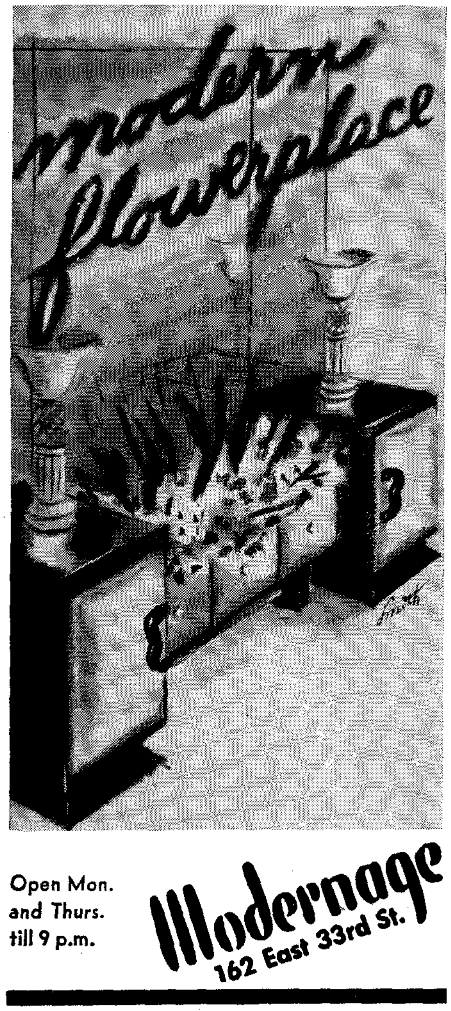
Send for free interesting de Kuyper recipe booklet. Write National Distillers Products Corp., Dept. NH3, P. O. Box 12, Wall Street Station, New York City.



River House
EAST 52nd TO 53rd STREETS
Along the River Front

New York's outstanding apartment offers unusual advantages which make it doubly enjoyable in the summer. One visit will prove more convincing than a thousand words. Apartments of 7 to 12 magnificent rooms, all with river views, for immediate occupancy.

Management:
BRAISLIN, PORTER & BALDWIN, Inc.
545 Fifth Ave. Tel. MUrray Hill 2-4110



modern flowerplace

Open Mon. and Thurs. till 9 p.m.

Modernage
162 East 33rd St.

THE RACE TRACK

Devil Diver and Others

THE Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend was a good show, and Devil Diver, who won it, receives this department's "E" for excellence. It's my hunch that he's finally found his racing legs. You may recall that early last season the Greentree Stable expected him to be much better in long races than Shut Out, who is owned by the same stable, but he wasn't. He wasn't in short ones, either. This year, however, he has made up for a lot of lost time, winning the Toboggan and the Metropolitan at Belmont and working up from the Carter, early in the Aqueduct meeting, to the mile and a quarter of the Brooklyn. He's a nimble colt, and he should go very well indeed around the turns of the Jamaica track next week in the Butler Handicap.

Just before the jockeys mounted for the Brooklyn, Woolf, Shut Out's jockey, remarked to young Brooks, who was to ride Devil Diver, "Don't let that funny limp your horse has when he walks worry you. He'll be as limber as a jack rabbit when he gets running." Woolf, who knows more about horses than most of the boys, was right. Devil Diver picked up the leaders after they had gone a mile and won comfortably from Market Wise. The only flaw in this generally satisfactory event was Shut Out's bad luck. It was my impression, which may be biassed, since this horse is a pet of mine, that he would have finished second if he hadn't been blocked somehow on the last two turns. I don't think any racer could have done better than Shut Out did earlier in the week, when he beat both Market Wise and Attention, but then there were only three runners that time.

Speaking of Attention, I haven't yet discovered exactly what sort of hex has been put on the stable of William Helis, who owns him. Helis has spent around $100,000 on horses in the past six months and hasn't yet won a race. His first purchase was Moscow II, for whom he paid $5,000 sight unseen, and his most recent was Attention, who cost $55,000. Another was two-year-old Valdina Royal ($15,000), whose name Helis promptly changed to Tropea, the name of his home town in Greece. Helis, who made a lot of money in Louisiana oil, doesn't seem to be terribly bothered by his bad luck. He feels that it's bound to change one of these days.

AS for the two-year-olds, Lucky Draw beat Ravenala again last week, this time in the Great American Stakes. The race wasn't particularly exciting, but there's something about Lucky Draw that makes you like him no matter what he does. Perhaps better juveniles will make their débuts at Jamaica, but this fellow, who has so far won four stakes worth a total of $24,700, will do until something very special comes along. A roving spy reports that the Midwest has a real runner in Occupy, a full brother of Occupation. If you take much stock in bloodlines, this news ought not to surprise you unduly. By the way, you may have noticed that Occupation beat Slide Rule at Washington Park, in Chicago, the other afternoon, and that Whirlaway finished fifth in the Equipoise Mile there last weekend.

TO nobody's surprise, the Saratoga Association decided to hold this year's meeting at Belmont Park, after the Office of Defense Transportation relaxed restrictions on the Long Island Railroad's electric trains. Now that the spur can be used, nobody will have to walk to the track from the Queens Village station or do it the hard way—by bus. There will also be a proper course for events for two-year-olds and a roomy stand to watch them from. If money makes the mare go, and you can be sure it does, all the good horses will come to Belmont in August, for the purses have been increased substantially. Twenty-five thousand dollars, for example, has been added to the Saratoga Cup and twenty thousand to the Saratoga Handicap.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

DR. LA ROSE, PS.D.

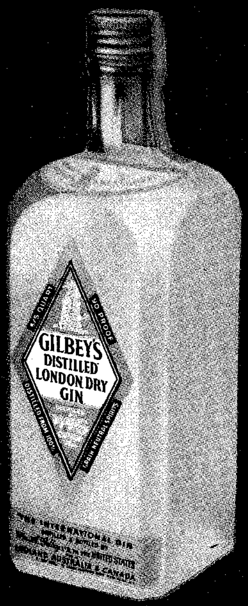
The master clairvoyant, palmist and crystal gazer. Gives advice on all affairs of life, tells how to win the one you love; in fact, this master of the psychic laws will gladly give you any information you may seek pertaining to investments, lawsuits, marriages, divorces, transactions of all kinds or anything pertaining to your personal affairs. 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. Private residence, 1623 S. Sixth Ave., South Tucson.

SPENCER abdominal and back supports will aid you. Mrs. Byrd, 089-R3.

—*Adv. in the Tucson Citizen.*

If the Doc should let you down.

For the most delicious Gin Rickey in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite



GILBEY'S

the International

GIN

THE ***"INTERNATIONAL GIN"*** DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN...ENGLAND...AUSTRALIA...CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

BOTTLED IN BOND
GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
INCORPORATED
H. S. BARTON MASTER DISTILLER
Owensboro Kentucky
Study in Perfection

There's a heritage and character distilled into Kentucky Tavern that makes it the perfect Bourbon for fine drinks. There's only one better buy in bonds—War Bonds!

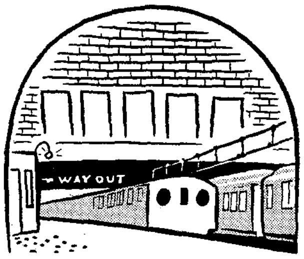
BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Buy U. S. War Bonds—$52.00 will buy 1 bombardier kit

LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 27 (BY CABLE)

THE King's subjects, who have heeded the government's searching slogan "Is your journey really necessary?" and curtailed their own expeditions, seemed as contented over their sovereign's appearance in North Africa as if they had made the trip themselves. Perhaps they have felt a little unhappy about the fact that the light which beats upon the throne hasn't been quite so spectacular lately as the spotlight which has been chasing back and forth between Downing Street and the far-off places. "It's about time 'e 'ad 'is bit of travelling, too" was one local comment on the news that the Queen's standard was waving temporarily over Buckingham Palace. The royal visit gave everyone a rather welcome opportunity to talk about something other than invasion last week, which also, incidentally, was Derby Week. This year, however, the excitement over the classic race was so slight as to make one suppose that it was being run at the North Pole instead of at Newmarket. The *Daily Express* helpfully supplied a Derby quiz column for the curious and answered such baffling questions as "Who is the favorite?" Miss Dorothy Paget's Straight Deal, who won the race at odds of fifteen to one, was certainly not the favorite of a great many people.



Most of the public, however, were far more interested in discussing the dark horse who had been named Viceroy of India the day before. On the whole, the appointment of Sir Archibald Wavell was as popular here as it was surprising. The English have always had great confidence in Field Marshal Wavell, who has never been a soldier of the rubber-stamp variety. They hope that Viceroy Wavell will avoid being a rubber-stamp viceroy, too. In the lectures that he delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1939, he observed that the day had passed forever when the rôles of statesman and soldier were interchangeable. He now has this century's best chance to prove himself wrong.

ANOTHER political surprise that caused a good deal of talk last week was the throwing out of Herbert Morrison from the Labour Party's executive committee at the annual party conference. Mr. Morrison's setback furnished an interesting sidelight on what is happening inside British politics these days. Since he joined the War Cabinet, the Home Secretary has turned in some vigorous speeches, which impressed the general public but which apparently filled his own party with dark suspicions that he was being far too clever. As Sir Stafford Cripps' early troubles proved, too much cleverness is a dangerous thing in a party which, once the choice of the young and hopeful, now seems to be elderly, stuffy, and as uneasy about progressives as the most right-wing Tory.

For a liberal-minded Englishman, casting about for a political faith to take hold of after the war, the present outlook is not very inspiring. The one success and the many near-successes of the new Common Wealth Party in recent by-elections have shown that there are a great number of people waiting for a party that will offer them a simple, progressive platform. What the dull bickerings of the Labour conference have shown is not only Labour's fear of being led by Mr. Morrison but its own sad inability, in its present comatose condition, to lead anyone.

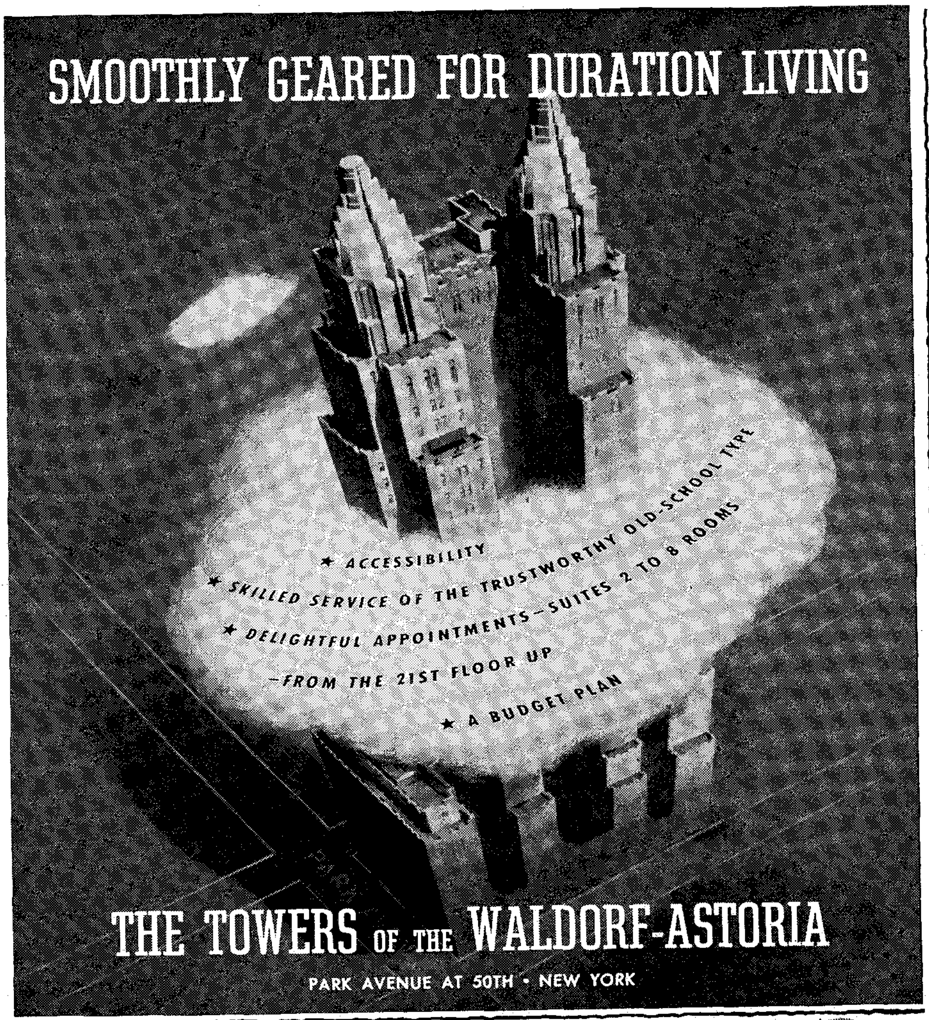
ANXIOUS family groups have recently been making beelines for Bond Street, where the Knoedler Gallery is exhibiting pictures by British prisoners of war in German territory. The exhibit is composed mainly of water colors and crayon drawings collected from various *Oflags* (officers' camps). A *Stalag* (a camp for enlisted men) has sent in photographs of pictures that the men had entered in a competition. The water colors are mostly river and mountain scenes, across which you suddenly notice, with a shock, the thin strands of barbed wire. There are touching birthday and Christmas cards, painted by a major for his small son Timothy, and sketches of exercise grounds, sleeping cells, and Nazi guards which give some idea of the frustration of the prisoners' life and the inexhaustible spirit with which they are surmounting it.

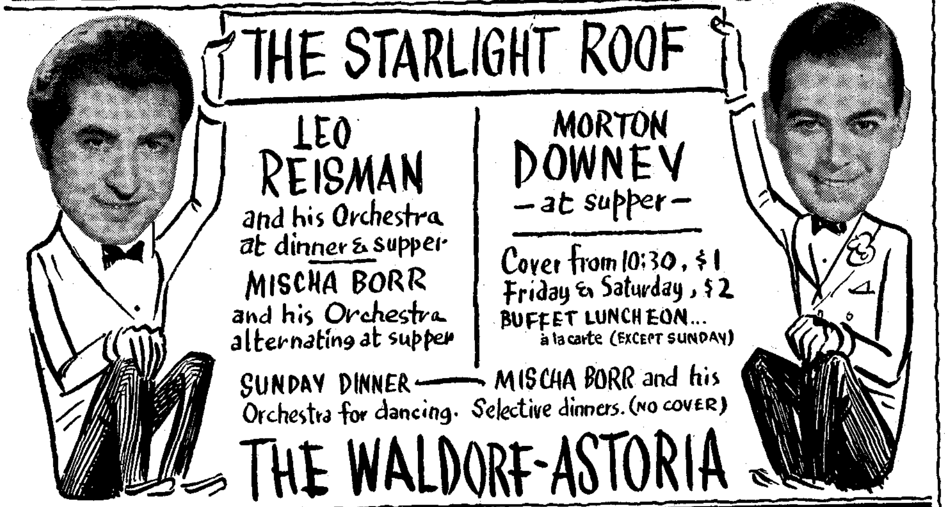
After they had seen the show, mothers and wives remained to chat for a while with Miss Christine Knowles, the energetic lady who is director of the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund. The organization, Miss

The very Quintessence of the Fruit
LEROUX
Blackberry Flavored Brandy
70 PROOF
LEROUX
BLACKBERRY Flavored BRANDY
LEROUX & CO., Inc., Philadelphia · New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

St. Regis Roof
Open for luncheon,
dinner and supper . . .
Larry Keyes and his orchestra
Theodora Brooks alternating
Informal—cover one dollar
(No cover for service men
except Saturday)
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET

Lovely!
LAVISH
DAZZLING
REVUE
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
DELICIOUS FOOD AT
MODERATE PRICES
LATIN QUARTER
B'WAY AT 48TH ST.
Res: Circle 6-1737


SMOOTHLY GEARED FOR DURATION LIVING
★ ACCESSIBILITY
★ SKILLED SERVICE OF THE TRUSTWORTHY OLD-SCHOOL TYPE
★ DELIGHTFUL APPOINTMENTS—SUITES 2 TO 8 ROOMS
—FROM THE 21ST FLOOR UP
★ A BUDGET PLAN
THE TOWERS OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE AT 50TH • NEW YORK


THE STARLIGHT ROOF
LEO REISMAN and his Orchestra at dinner & supper
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra alternating at supper
MORTON DOWNEY —at supper—
Cover from 10:30, $1
Friday & Saturday, $2
BUFFET LUNCHEON... à la carte (EXCEPT SUNDAY)
SUNDAY DINNER — MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra for dancing. Selective dinners. (NO COVER)
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

Enka rayon
206 Madison Ave. • New York • AS 4-3118

Authentic RUSSIAN Atmosphere
CASINO RUSSE
AIR CONDITIONED
Dinner Served from 6 to 10.
REVUE at 9 and 12
and in
Baghdad Room after 2 a.m.
157 West 56th St.
Reservations:
CIr. 6-6116

Knowles says, will now extend its services to American prisoners. Some of them, in two or three of the camps, have already been mentioned in letters that the British have written home, saying that the American boys are like a breath of fresh air in the stale camp routine, with everybody knowing everybody else's jokes and opinions backward. Miss Knowles gets in touch as soon as she can with all captured men and says she would be glad to write to any worried American relatives who send particulars to her in care of the Fund, Carrington House, Hertford Street, London.

A GOOD many Londoners, including Mr. Churchill, went to the recent first-night showing of a remarkable British picture, "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp," which will probably be making an Atlantic crossing before long. If Low was also present, he may well have swallowed his own pencil with chagrin, since the name of his famous bath-towelled, mustache-blowing reactionary has been hung onto the most lovable old general who ever went on happily fighting the Boer War. The picture has been brilliantly produced, but it leaves the observer with the uncomfortable impression that all enterprising young Britons end as sweet old Blimps and that it's not such a bad thing, really. As an exposé of British character, its satire gets bogged down in sentiment halfway through. It should be reported, however, that the audience the other evening cheered it, wept over it, and loved it from start to Blimp.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Someone comments that it looks like rain, and everybody either decides that rain is just what they want r dn't want fr their Victry Gardesn.

Fd Talk Has New Slant

The funny thin gabut all this tlak is that it is s different frm the way we used t talk abut fd. In the days befre ratining we tslked f the fd we liked and the fd ur families wuldn't eat.

Nw we talk abut the fd -e can GET. Even cnversatinally we aren't turning up ur nses at any kind f fd. What did we ever mean by saying ur families wuldn't eat this and wuldn't eat that? Nw they eat what is n the table and wuldn't dream f cmplaining.

The rbight side f the picture is we dn't have t wrry abut finding smething t talk abut n matter whm we entertain these days. There is always "fd."—*Ogdensburg (N.Y.) Journal.*

It was a sorry day when *you* found something to talk about.

TABLES FOR TWO

Fertile Field

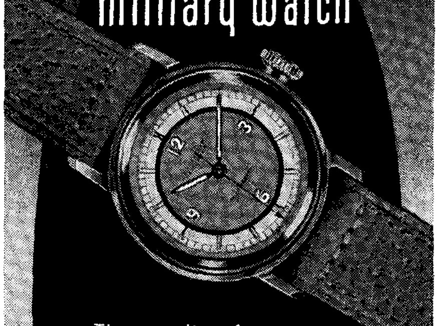
ANY comic who is preoccupied with the dopiness of most popular songs has a good, sturdy foundation for his routine and can't go very far wrong. Jimmy Savo, now of Café Society Uptown, is a sound comic to begin with, and it's not surprising that he should have hit on the ideal way to serve up some of these songs in all their rich, rare dopiness. His method is to sing them and act them out at the same time, demonstrating in each charade that the lyric he is singing, though it may be extremely eloquent stuff in the author's estimation, to him has the unmistakable ring of nonsense. Of course, Mr. Savo may be just indulging a fondness for charades and may have no intention of reforming Tin Pan Alley, but the results are the same. When he gets through with the part about icy fingers running up and down somebody's spine in "That Old Black Magic," you aren't likely to hear the song again without a wholly disrespectful snicker. Two others in his repertory are "As Time Goes By," the words of which are very adaptable to kidding, and "River, Stay 'Way from My Door," an old favorite of his.

Billed with Mr. Savo at C.S.U. are the Kraft Sisters and the Golden Gate Quartet, both of which acts, to different degrees, can pall a bit with constant acquaintance but should be caught by one and all at some time or other. The sisters are a comely pair who put a little welcome comedy into dances of an East Indian nature. Their one trouble is that the only kind of dancing they have yet thought of to fool with is East Indian, and the field is not unlimited. The quartet, as most of you are aware, sings spirituals in a hushed, rhythmic way. Theirs is a pleasant style which wears rather well, although their variety, too, falls short of the infinite. Supporting this cast and playing for whoever wishes to court prostration on the dance floor these evenings is Teddy Wilson's orchestra, a familiar outfit in those parts.

AT the Riobamba, the spot with the exterior like an Easter egg, there's a covey of chorus ladies, a ballroom team, an impersonator, and Connee Boswell. The ladies of the chorus are a niftier lot than can be found in many of the local floor shows (there seems to be a slight girlpower shortage right now), but the dance team and the impersonator, belonging, as they do, to trades that have no place in the modern social structure, are pretty well licked before they start. This leaves things more or less dependent on Miss Boswell, who is fortunately the girl for the job. Although she made a crafty effort to alter her identity a year or two ago by changing her name from Connie to Connee, she has not been able to disguise her voice, and it's the same old tuneful instrument it always was.

A FEMALE vocalist is also the feature of the program at La Martinique, but this one is not quite the reliable standby Miss Boswell is. She's Frances Faye, the artist who established such vigorous phrases in the language as "Dig, dig, dig," "Hoy, hoy, hoy," "Chop, chop, chop," and "Zaz-zu-zaz." She is a lively sort who brings along a small piano to bang on while she shouts and who goes in for a good deal of that banter with the boys in the band which always seems to embarrass the boys in the band. There are occasional spots in Miss Faye's routine, however, that are reasonably funny if you don't think about them too hard, and she is certainly the mainstay of the show. This means that she has an edge in entertainment value over one Dick Haymes, a singer with somewhat the same boyish quality Frank Sinatra has and somewhat the same determination to play it to the hilt; another one of those ballroom teams; and some chorus girls who could hardly be expected to have much enthusiasm for the strange maneuvers they are put through and obviously don't.

THERE are noticeable differences between the original Folies-Bergère and the copy over on Forty-seventh Street. On the other hand, there are next to no noticeable similarities. The décor on Forty-seventh Street is dimly reminiscent, but then one can't be altogether sure of what. One can be good and sure, though, that the French occasionally undertaken by some of the cast would puzzle a Parisian audience, just as the broken English that others go in for is apt to puzzle a New York audience. By the time you have heard a girl sing "Parlez-Moi d'Amour" with a pronounced brogue and a master of ceremonies announce ze next nombair on ze



Gubelin Military Watch

The results of a century of fine watch making are embodied in this remarkable "Gubelin" Military Watch. Strongly built—15 Jewels—non-magnetic—sweep second hand—luminous dial. Water-proof stainless steel case . . . Exceptional value **$45.**
Federal tax included.
Mail orders promptly filled

E. GUBELIN, INC.
Watches and Clocks
336 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

FOR PERFECT HIGHBALLS!
Saratoga Vichy
IT'S ALKALINE!
The Ideal Club Soda
FAMOUS SINCE 1876

Saratoga Vichy
CELEBRATED SARATOGA VICHY WATER

Bottled Only at the Spring! Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
ASK YOUR BARTENDER
SARATOGA VICHY SPRING COMPANY
601 WEST 26TH ST. LAckawanna 4-1889

"WHO'S THAT GUY WITH BENCHLEY?"
SH-H-H-H IT'S

Benchley Beside Himself

By (curiously enough) **ROBERT BENCHLEY**

"In this, his latest garland, Mr. Benchley proves again what needs no confirmation, that for sheer guile and sprightliness he leaves his competitors, imitators and apostles tied to a tree. His book will be standard equipment on every night table in the land."—S. J. PERELMAN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

$2.50 • HARPER

America-at-Work-is Invincible

★ Sports play an important part in our all-out Victory effort. They provide, in a natural way, the relaxation and bodily vigor we must have to give our job our best. We're all in this fight... let's all keep physically fit.

Chrome-Twist TENNIS GUT

Johnson Suture Corporation
5001 West 67th Street • Chicago, Illinois

program as though he'd been reading the funny papers, you begin to wonder just where these folks do come from and what language they think in during emergencies. As for the entertainment, irrespective of tongue, it is long and produces a drowsy sensation. At one point a Chinese contortionist suddenly turns up, which should confuse you good.

SWING is in full bloom on Fifty-second Street. One sheltered nook it can be found in is the Famous Door, where Hot Lips Page, who naturally doesn't play the violin, is at work. What Mr. Page does play most of the time is the trumpet, on which he hangs anything from a hat to a blanket in order that it may not sound as it was originally meant to sound. He also plays a French horn, which he can get new noises from without hanging a single damn thing on it. Assisting him are drums, a piano, two saxophones, and a bass, or rather a bunch of fellows *playing* drums, a piano, two saxophones, and a bass.... Another nook is the Onyx Club, which is neither the old Onyx Club nor yet the intermediate Onyx Club that made a brief appearance last year but a third Onyx Club. Music there is provided by Miss Billie Holiday, always a quiet but effective vocalist, and a trio headed by Cozy Cole, a hot drummer who has working with him a pianist and a clarinetist, both hot. —D. E. L.

•

Miss Virginia Ash, Surface & Floats, third shift, just had a tough break. After living in an undesirable boarding house, she and her sister obtained a neat and modern trailer, which they furnished. They had been enjoying their new home on wheels for a week, when it was destroyed by fire. Miss Ash lost all her clothing but hasn't missed a day at work. —*Martin Star, house organ of the Glenn L. Martin Company.*

Bet none of the men in that shift have, either.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT
[*From True Story Magazine*]

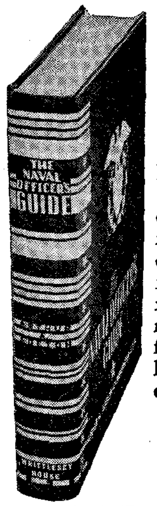
I KNEW when I flirted with Grant Howard that I was going to cause trouble, but I didn't care. For a long time I had been rebelling against the customs of our Polish community. I wanted the thrills, and dangers too, that go with freedom of choice and action.

I wonder how many of you who read my story ever stop to think, when you serve celery on your table or add the ever useful and flavorful onion to your daily menu, of the long, arduous toil, and sometimes heartbreaking disappointments, that make it possible for you to have what you so calmly take for granted.

The Naval Officer's Guide

By ARTHUR A. AGETON
Commander, U.S.N.

Comprehensive, authoritative, interesting—a complete up-to-date wartime handbook.



Here at last is the book for which thousands of American Naval men have been waiting! It is an indispensable, highly readable one-volume reference library that is full, thorough, and above all up-to-date.

Every word of THE NAVAL OFFICER'S GUIDE has been checked by authorities. A number of high-ranking officers actively collaborated in its writing. The result is an ideal working manual for the Naval Officer who up to now has had nothing like it. Copiously illustrated. $3.00

95,000 Copies in Print

WHITTLESEY HOUSE
McGraw-Hill Bldg., N. Y.

APARTMENTS & HOUSES
IN CITY AND COUNTRY

APARTMENTS WEST of FIFTH

68 WEST 58TH STREET
UNIQUE PENTHOUSE
With A Vista Of Unusual Charm
Atop the smart 18-story residential PARK CHAMBERS HOTEL—overlooking Central Park. Five rooms, two baths, complete kitchen. Terrace on three sides and above. Woodburning Fireplace. Panelled living room; new hardwood floors throughout. Hotel service optional. (Furnished if desired.)
Phone PLaza 3-5900—A. D'Arcy, Mgr.

145 WEST 58TH ST.
HOTEL MEURICE
3½ rooms—with an unusually large living room, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths and serving pantry; some with fireplace. Decorated and furnished in rare good taste. Available at favorable monthly rate until October 1st... or on yearly lease. Full hotel service.

A quiet and distinguished neighborhood. Ask for Mr. Indcox or 'phone CIrcle 7-7440.

TOWN HOUSES

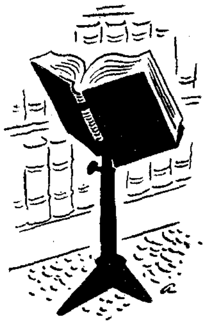
MURRAY HILL SECTION
ARCHITECT'S HOME in courtyard setting in Murray Hill, eleven rooms, five baths, four rooms particularly adaptable to professional use. Delightful roof garden, woodburning fireplaces, and gas heat. $5,000 annual rental unfurnished. Complete furnishings available. Descriptive folder on request. Call Caledonia 5-6543 for appointment.

COUNTRY PROPERTY

GLADSTONE, N. J.—Colonial Country House, all modern conveniences, in heart of beautiful Somerset Hills. 4 bedrooms; 3 bathrooms; large living, dining rooms; modern kitchen, pantry, laundry; adequate quarters one or more servants but help not necessary for couple or small family; 2-car garage, large barn, garden to grow vegetables and flowers; heated by coal-fired steam boiler; transportation not far away; house attractively furnished; will rent unfurnished if desired. 1 or 2 year lease, desirable tenant. Mr. Clark, ALgonquin 4-1000.

BOOKS

Stephen Vincent Benét



STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, being a popular poet, was never entirely popular with the professional poetry critics. They respected him as a craftsman and admired his versatility. However, I think they were just a little dismayed not only by the obstreperously unpoetical pages of "John Brown's Body" but by the more basic fact that almost everything he wrote was easy to understand.

Benét, at the time of his grievous death, was coming to occupy in this country a position somewhat similar to those occupied in England by Tennyson and Kipling during their periods. But there was one difference: Tennyson and Kipling, working within a fairly integrated culture, enjoyed the plaudits of the critics as well as the approval of the people. Benét, working within a split culture, where the abyss between the folk and the interpreters widens almost daily, had to content himself with a kind of unofficial recognition. Never so designated, he was really our Poet Laureate, a maker of national verse.

The hold such national poets have comes from their adherence to a few simple but deeply rooted emotions. In Benét's case these emotions clustered around his vision of this country—its past, present, and future, its continental dimensions, the epic and tragic quality of its history, the variety and melodrama of its geography. If he was a nationalist—and he was—his nationalism was blood brother to that of the Founding Fathers, not to that of the Chicago *Tribune*. You will find it expressed most purely in the pieces he hammered out for the radio during his last two years, particularly "They Burned the Books" and "Listen to the People." Synthetic patriotism is easy to put over on the air, as listeners must know; Benét was never guilty of it by a single word or phrase. He wrote as a good American and also as a good poet.

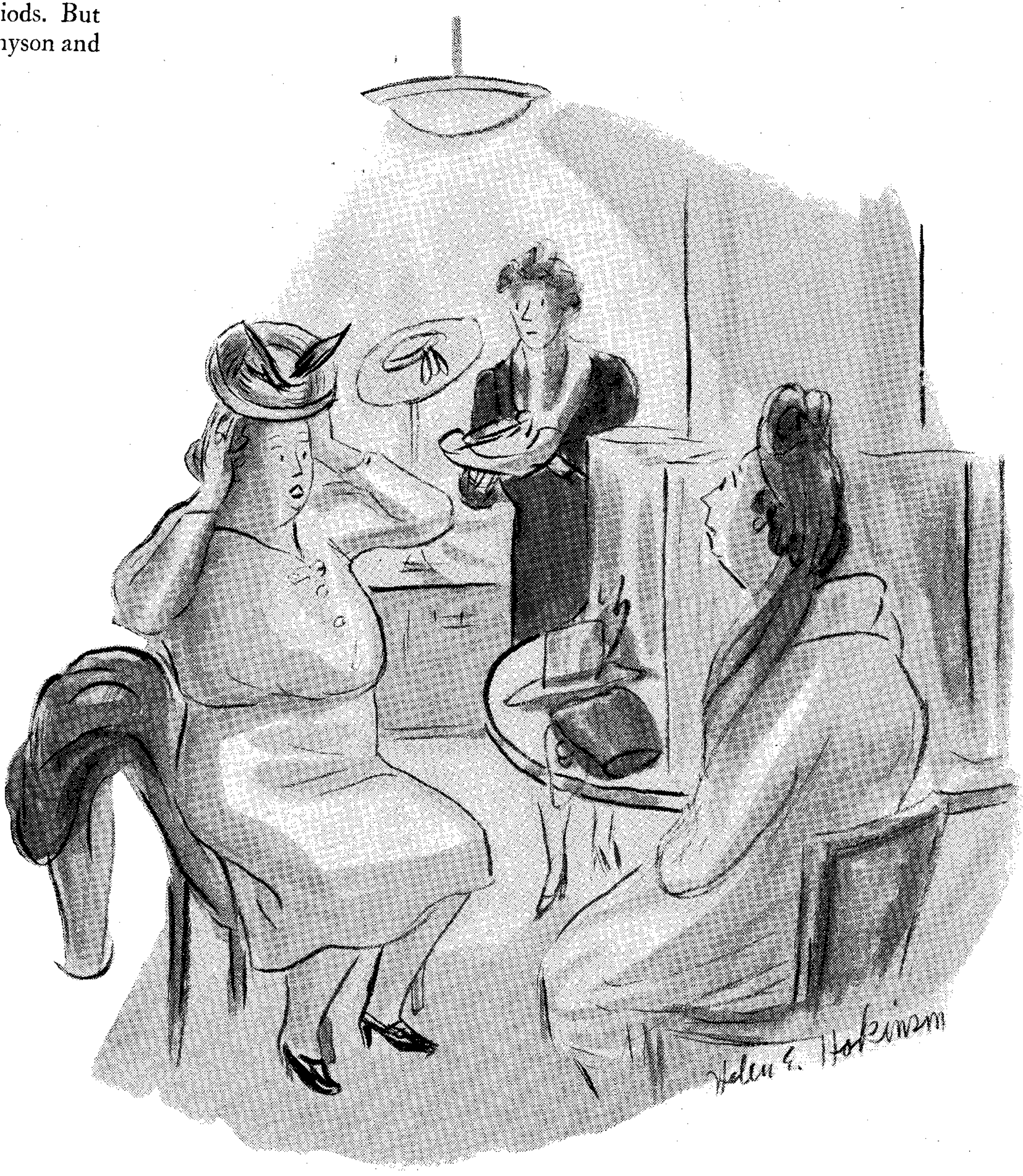
At his death he had completed the first book of a projected series of poetical narratives that would all have dealt with the westward movement of the American people. That first book, "Western Star," has now been published. It is probable that, had its author lived, it would have been subjected to certain condensations and a final polishing. As it stands, it is an interesting, often beautiful narrative that does not quite pack a final punch.

The purpose of "Western Star" is to remind us of how we started. "And this, your house, was frontier," he tells us, frontier when Jamestown was founded, and Plymouth. His theme is stated in Vergilian phrases:

Of sea and the first plantings and the men,
And how they came in the ships, and to
  what end.

The method of development depends on the use of three instruments: an invented narrative (the mercer's apprentice, Dickon Heron, who came to Jamestown, and the Puritan girl, Humility Lanyard, who came to Plymouth); a series of historical pictures (Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, the Mayflower Compact, etc.); these two given lyric elevation from time to time by the third, which consists of interpolated ballads and songs, some of them most lovely.

I quote one of these songs, sung by the widowed Alice Heron after her husband has been killed in an Indian



"Oh, I stopped being afraid of Harper's Bazaar years ago."

MICHAEL TODD'S MUSICAL HITS!
ETHEL MERMAN
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
with ALLEN JENKINS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
2 SHOWS SUNDAY at 3:00 and 8:40
STAR AND GARTER
with
GYPSY ROSE LEE
BOBBY CLARK
PROF. LAMBERTI
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 ST. Mats. Sat., Sun., July 5
BOTH THEATRES AIR-CONDITIONED
Staged by HASSARD SHORT

RUSSELL JANNEY presents
The Successful Musical Romance
The VAGABOND KING
Music by FRIML
Based upon Justin Huntly McCarthy's Romance "IF I WERE KING"
with JOHN BROWNLEE
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44 • Air-Conditioned
EVES. 8:15 • MATS. Wed. & Sat. 2:15

RICHARD KOLLMAR presents
A New Musical Comedy
EARLY TO BED
Muriel ANGELUS Richard KOLLMAR Mary SMALL Bob HOWARD
Book and Lyrics by GEORGE MARION Jr.
Music by THOMAS ("FATS") WALLER
Air-Conditioned BROADHURST W. 44 St.
Eves. 8:30. • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
Kiss and TELL
by F. HUGH HERBERT with
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Robert KEITH Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE Thea., 47th W. of B'way. Mats. Sat. & July 5
AIR-CONDITIONED

Dark Eyes
with
Tamara GEVA Elena MIRAMOVA Ludmilla TORETZKA
PRODUCTION BY JED HARRIS
BELASCO 44th East of B'way. Air-Conditioned.
Evgs. Mon. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Monday at 2:40.

"THE BEST MUSICAL OF THE SEASON" —Barnes, Herald-Tribune
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St. Air Cond.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & July 5, 2:40
Scientifically Air-Conditioned

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
A Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
FULTON, W. 46. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Mon. at 2:40
AIR-CONDITIONED

raid. No one could write this kind of thing as did Stephen Vincent Benét, so simple, so true, so inevitable:

> Living and dead
> And the white cloud overhead
> And the grass new.
> The child, born for the care,
> The breast to give it there,
> These things are true.
>
> I was young. I knew the sweet.
> It shook me from head to feet.
> I'll not deny it.
> Yet, even when that's gone,
> There's something must live on
> And I live by it.
>
> I will plant posies still,
> Knowing he loved them well
> And me, his creature.
> Yet give another man
> Such bounty as I can,
> For that's my nature.
>
> The nature that is made
> Not choice of sun or shade,
> Nor wanton nor afraid
> But earth's true lover.
> That lives, like sky and grass,
> That lives and will not pass,
> That shares the thing it has
> Over and over.
>
> And, when I'm old and blind
> And death comes with the wind
> And flesh of mine must find
> Long refuge for him,
> My body I'll prepare.
> Yet life first sojourned there,
> The strong son, hard to bear
> And yet I bore him.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FIGHTING AMERICAN, edited by F. Van Wyck Mason. A collection of forty-five pieces dealing with Americans in battle. The selections are arranged chronologically, beginning with the skirmishes of the French and Indian War and ending with tales of the first World War. Included are Herman Melville's poem on Fort Donelson, an excerpt from Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans," one of William Gilmore Simms's stories of the North Carolina frontier, a Civil War story by Ambrose Bierce, two passages from Stephen Crane's "Wounds in the Rain," and some reflections of Mr. Dooley on Puerto Rico. For the most part the fiction is taken from contemporary historical

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with ARTHUR TREACHER
SUE RYAN CHRISTINE AYRES SARA ANN McCABE
and DEAN MURPHY
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th. Air-Cond.
2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35. No Perf. Tues.
EXTRA MAT. & EVE. PERFS. JULY 5th

2nd YEAR OLSEN & JOHNSON'S
Screamlined Musical
SONS O'FUN
46th ST. THEATRE, W. of B'way Air-Cond. | No Perf. Tues.
Evgs. 8:20 • 2 SHOWS SAT. SUN. & JULY 5TH

BIG—NEW—EXCITING
50c $1 & $1.50 PLUS TAX
Sat. Nights Only, 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
SECOND EDITION
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3
Spec. Matinee only, July 5 • Mail Orders Filled

"NEWEST SURE-FIRE HIT." Rascoe, World Tel.
THERON BAMBERGER presents
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
RALPH BELLAMY SHIRLEY BOOTH
AIR-COND.
BARRYMORE Thea., W. 47th. Mats. Sat. & July 5th

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
MICHAEL MYERBERG presents
MIRIAM HOPKINS
THORNTON WILDER'S Comedy
The Skin of Our Teeth
FLORENCE REED CONRAD NAGEL
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & July 5
AIR-CONDITIONED

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"THE YOUNGEST PROFESSION"
VIRGINIA WEIDLER • EDWARD ARNOLD
and FIVE GUEST STARS
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
GALA STAGE SHOW—SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

SERVICE MEN
On furlough in New York City and vicinity may obtain admissions to many
BROADWAY STAGE PLAYS AND FIRST RUN MOTION PICTURES
through
New York Defense Recreation Comm.
99 Park Avenue New York City

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

DUNGENESS CRABS Served at
The King of the Sea and his Royal Family of Fish
FAMOUS SEA FOOD HOUSE
On 3rd Ave. Bet. 53rd-54th Sts.
Tel. EL. 5-9309
OCEAN-FRESH SEA FOOD PREPARED TO ORDER

novels—some interesting, some just run of the mill.

THE SYNTHETIC PHILANTHROPIST, by J. H. Wallis. A rather tedious story about a shrewd and unscrupulous millionaire who begins benefacting his small home town from motives anything but creditable. In the course of his public-spirited enterprises the old curmudgeon develops a real taste for philanthropy and ends up as an insatiable doer of good works. Might possibly have made a mildly interesting short story.

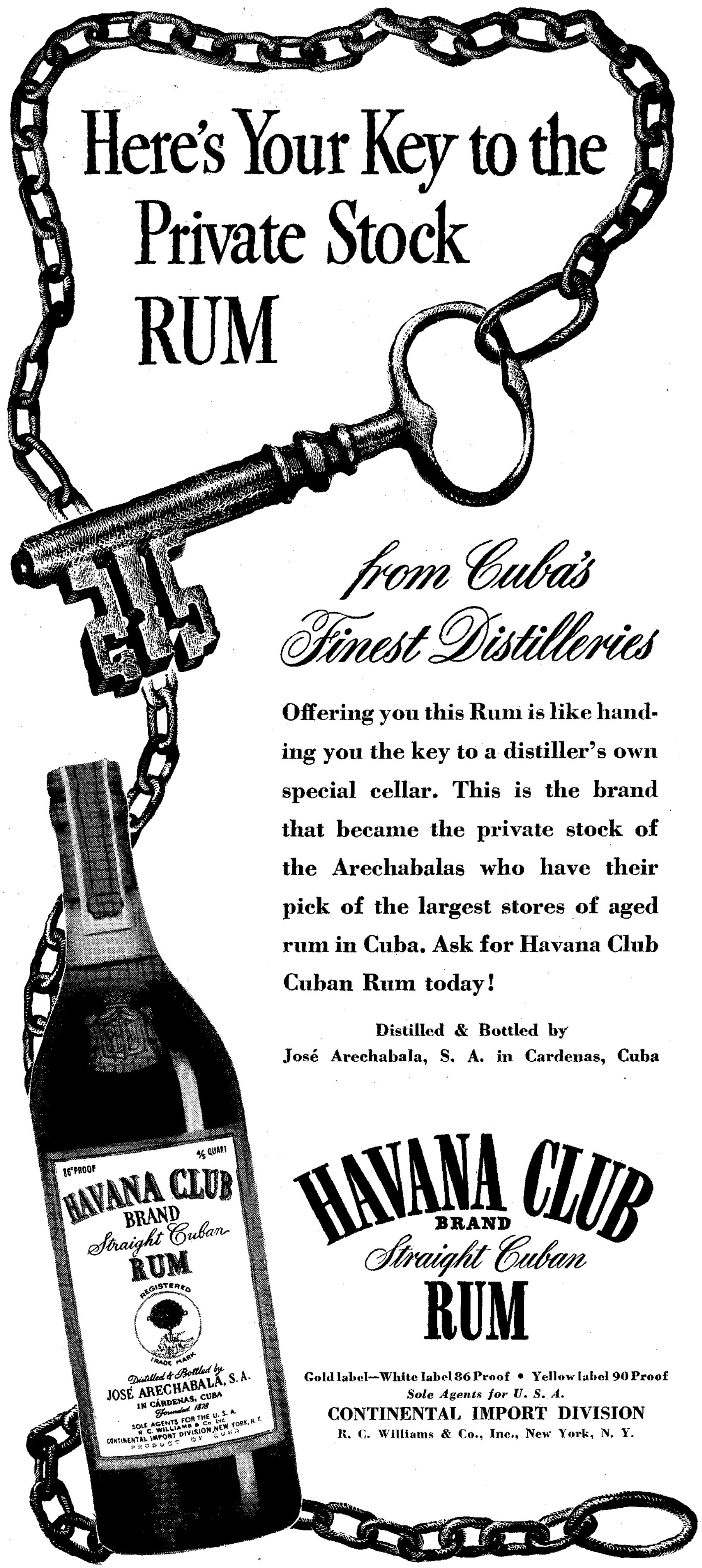
GENERAL

BALKAN FIREBRAND, by Kosta Todorov. Memoirs of a Bulgarian soldier, now head of the Free Bulgarian Committee, who has had a busy career as Macedonian guerrilla, terrorist in the Russian revolution of 1905, French Foreign Legionnaire in the first World War, League of Nations delegate, and so on. Vivid, fluent stuff, though it has the air, slightly, of a Stendhal romance at times.

VICTORY THROUGH AFRICA, by Samuel Dashiell. An American newspaper correspondent in Algiers—the only American correspondent, in fact, for much of the time between March, 1941, and May, 1942, when he was expelled—tells us what North Africa was like in the months before the invasion. The author defends our Vichy policy as obvious good sense. Brisk reading, though rather spotty writing.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME, by Pearl S. Buck. Sixteen recent speeches and essays, many of them delivered or published during the last year, with an introduction by the author. Mrs. Buck holds out the hope of a new renaissance after the war if, she says, we can accustom ourselves to the idea that freedom and equality are the inherent rights of all peoples, including our own minorities. The book is generous and wise in its assertion of principles, and eloquent too, but regrettably scanty as to means and methods.

FLYING FORTRESS, by Thomas Collison. More or less complete dope on that born-to-glory airplane, the Army's B-17 bomber: history, de-



Here's Your Key to the Private Stock RUM

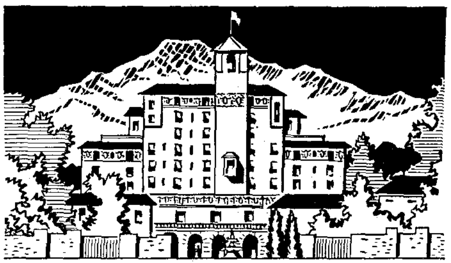
from Cuba's Finest Distilleries

Offering you this Rum is like handing you the key to a distiller's own special cellar. This is the brand that became the private stock of the Arechabalas who have their pick of the largest stores of aged rum in Cuba. Ask for Havana Club Cuban Rum today!

Distilled & Bottled by
José Arechabala, S. A. in Cardenas, Cuba

HAVANA CLUB
BRAND
Straight Cuban
RUM

Gold label—White label 86 Proof • Yellow label 90 Proof
Sole Agents for U. S. A.
CONTINENTAL IMPORT DIVISION
R. C. Williams & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.



BROADMOOR HOTEL

In the Shadow of PIKES PEAK
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Ice Revue . . . . . *July 22-25*
Invitational Golf Tourney
August 2-8
Penrose Stadium Concerts
July and August

All sports...gay night life ...cool, dry, sunny days... famous food. American or European Plan. Consult your travel agent...or write

CHARLES R. DRAKE
Manager

at Ease...
with MYERS'S RUM

In those precious moments of relaxation after a hard day at the office—the war plant—the factory —or wherever your "all out" tasks may be, enjoy the refreshing mellowness of a Planters' Punch, collins, or cocktail made with colourful dark Jamaica Rum. For that "wealth of flavour" remember—

The Rum Must be MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica—97 Proof
For free recipe booklet write
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. N-7, 57 Laight St., N.Y.

sign, production, testing, crew training, and the combat record. Readable and generally accurate, though some of it is a little on the puff-sheet order. Excellent photographs, which take up a good half of the book.

THE ANATOMY OF NONSENSE, by Yvor Winters. Four long essays on Henry Adams, Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, and John Crowe Ransom, with some general notes on the criticism of poetry. The study of Adams contains some of the most acute things yet written about that baffled American, but the other essays suffer at times from minuscule literary feuding and a defective sense of proportion.

TOWARDS AN ABIDING PEACE, by R. M. MacIver. Careful charting of the pitfalls and possibilities in making the peace, with an international, non-imperialist order held out as the only final solution. Familiar ideas, but often developed with originality.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GREAT YANT MYSTERY, by A. B. Cunningham. Isa Yant, due to die any moment as the result of an operation, is murdered. Sheriff Jesse Roden, of Deer Lick fame, is called in by Mrs. Yant's husband to investigate her death. Roden listens to local gossip, digs into the pasts of the Yants' circle of friends, and comes to his own quiet conclusions. Superb local color in this fine story of murder in backwoods America.

•

TOOL MAKER desires connections with an intelligent employer; must give names of former employees of past 10 years as references.—*From an adv. in the Newark Evening News.*

There's a worm that knows *how* to turn.

•

FASHIONABLES ... spotted blonde Betsy Hickingbotham at the St. Francis Monday looking particularly well in a black hat trimmed with a large cerise bow at the neck and a black chapeau with cerise flowers.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Not that pretty *two-headed* Betsy Hickingbotham?

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

J. Morton Franklin, District Victory garden supervisor, wishes to inform gardeners that arsenic is poisonous.

Local planters, he said yesterday, have been spraying arsenate of lead on their vegetables willy nilly although use of it on leafy foods is thought to be undesirable in a poisonous way.

New summer SHOW
AIR-CONDITIONED
Persian Room

MAURICE *and* CORDOBA
DANCERS OF DISTINCTION

BOB HANNON
POPULAR TENOR SINGING STAR

LARRY SIRY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

The PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

For weddings, receptions and other small, intimate parties in vogue today, arrangements may be made without delay for the colorful air-conditioned "Cottage" facing the Park —a perfect setting.
Styled by Dorothy Draper
VINCENT J. COYLE, *Managing Director*

Hampshire House
CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y.

"So glad Schenley laid it away in peace time"

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK N.Y.

. . . and there's still a limited supply available

Every drop of Schenley Royal Reserve now available was distilled in peace time. Today no whiskey is being made; all Schenley distilleries are making vital war alcohol exclusively. Thus, you may not always be able to get Schenley Royal Reserve...but when you do, use it sparingly...and enjoy it that much more.

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE
BLENDED WHISKEY

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY WAR BONDS

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

Women in the War

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

THEY RUN THE DOG SHOW...

Wartime Style

"Recruiting Officers" for Uncle Sam's new canine corps say Camel is *first* in their service, too.*

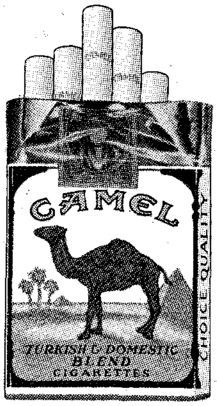
NEW YORK. HEADQUARTERS OFFICE OF *DOGS FOR DEFENSE.* Pauline Kingsland in charge. Through these doors pass the handsomest, huskiest dogs in the world, slated for service with the armed forces. Every day's a "dog show" here...military style. And just to complete the military atmosphere—well, take a look at those cigarettes on Headquarters' desk. Camels, of course!

● There are plenty of times when the taste and fragrance of a Camel are definitely in the "mmmmh department"... but none can top that moment after a romp with a handsome Doberman on a swell bright day. Try it!

P.S. You may not have the Doberman...but you can still enjoy the Camels.

*FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



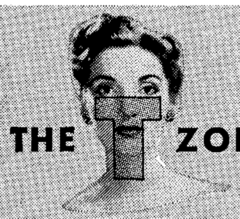
BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camel

Costlier Tobaccos

INDUCTION TODAY...three of the Army's new four-footed soldiers-to-be arrive at the Hicksville, Long Island Induction Center. Patricia Downer *(right)* is checking them in. For years she's been both fancier and fan...dog fancier, Camel fan. "There just isn't any other cigarette like it," she says, "for flavor and for mildness, and that's a rare combination to find. In my book, Camels get the 'blue' in any 'cigarette show.'"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



THE T ZONE

—your own personal proving ground for cigarettes

The "T-Zone"...Taste and Throat...is the only place to judge cigarettes...to find out which cigarette pleases *your* palate and *your* throat. Find out what your two T's have to tell you about the mildness and flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos.

12345 67890

12345 678